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HOLIDAY.

Misanthrope? Ah, say not so,
Though I turn aside and go
From the highway's dust to hide
One day where the gods abide.

Better shall I live my life,
All the days amid the strife,
For this one day out of it,
Where men are not and birds flit;

Better gauge what things are worth
Running after on this earth;
Love my friends the more for these
Hours, forget mine enemies.

Here's no strain and here's no fret:
Here blue bell and violet,
Each itself and without hate
Of the other's hue or state.

Here's the wind among the trees,
Symbol of Eternity's
Immemorial mystic sea
Round Time's islet where we be.

Frederick Niven.

The Athenaeum.

CHAFFINCH.

Wet! wet! Hear Chaffinch! He cries
and calls,
Cries and calls from the snowy
cherry-bough,—

Chaffinch sighing and crying for water-
falls,
For the feel of the rain and her deli-
cate freshness now.

Wet! wet! Oh, Chaffinch, will you not
tire?

After the drought and dust the rain
is sweet.

The sap runs in the trees to the heart's
desire,
The grass hears, the little hearts are
a-beat.

White's the cherry orchard from head
to foot.

This is the golden moment of all the
year.

Over the song of the thrush and the
blackbird's flute

Wet! wet! the Chaffinch calls to his
dear.

Down where the amber evening
stretches for miles

There's a golden-bosomed cloud on
the sky serene,

A little cloud afloat from the Golden
Isles

Grows and grows in the amber sea
and the green.

Wet! wet! Hear Chaffinch! and Chaf-
finch knows.

Chaffinch calls to his dear in the
heavenly gloam.

Wet! wet! The rain as sweet as a
rose

Will drench the orchard to-night and
the cherry-bloom.

Katharine Tynan.

THE VALE OF AVALON.

My soul has slipped beyond me
On the wings of the west wind
To lie in reeds in Athelney,
The whispering reeds of Athelney,
Where green quiet broods eternally
On the glory hid behind.

My soul has found a palfrey
To climb St. Michael's Tor
To see the shrine of Glastonbury,
The Holy Well of Glastonbury,
And touch the live and blossoming tree
That stands beside the door.

My soul has seen and hasted on
On roaring Severn tide
To find the Vale of Avalon,
The golden Vale of Avalon,
With gift of strange oblivion,
And there my own soul died.

Frances Chesterton.

The New Witness.

THUNDERSTORMS.

My mind has thunderstorms,
That brood for heavy hours:
Until they rain me words,
My thoughts are drooping flowers
And sulking, silent birds.

Yet come, dark thunderstorms,
And brood your heavy hours;
For when you rain me words,
My thoughts are dancing flowers
And joyful singing birds.

W. H. Davies.

PRESIDENT WILSON.

The first thing one wants to know about any and every American President is his conception of the Presidency. It is an office that even more than the Papacy depends for its range and effectiveness upon the man who holds it. It takes at once the impress of a personality. It is a human and a malleable office and all the more characteristically American for being so.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson, a student of politics and of governmental theories and systems from boyhood, long ago put on record his views of the President's functions and opportunities. They are to be found in embryo in his book on "Congressional Government," published some thirty years ago, and more fully matured and elaborated in his recent volume, "Constitutional Government." He has no doubts that the President is at liberty both in law and conscience to be as big a man as he can, to decline to content himself with the negative power of vetoing the measures he disapproves, to regard himself not only as the leader of his party, but as the spokesman of the nation, and to exert his utmost influence both in shaping programmes of legislation and in assisting their passage through Congress. I should imagine, indeed, that he takes up an almost English attitude towards the water-tight divisions of the American scheme of government, that he perceives how easily it lapses into a sort of vast conspiracy for doing nothing, and that he reckons it a national loss that the energy, which under the Cabinet system is given up almost entirely to the work of legislation, should in America spend itself in excessive strife among the triad of authorities created to check and balance one another. The problem that confronts

an American President is the precise opposite of the difficulty that besets a British Premier; it is the problem of getting anything done at all. Even when his party commands a majority in both Houses, his power over legislation depends wholly on the goodwill of Congress. He may recommend everything, but he can direct nothing. Neither he nor his Cabinet Ministers sit in Congress nor hold any recognized communication with it except through the medium of formal messages. The Executive is divided from the Legislature to an extent that makes each not only quasi-independent, but almost hostile.

Now the whole gist of Mr. Wilson's teachings and practice has been an assertion of the President's right and duty to bridge over the gap and bring the two ends of Pennsylvania Avenue into a closer, more harmonious, and more productive association. The President alone, he holds, can impart to the American system the smoothness and flexibility it has hitherto lacked. He is the representative of the whole nation while Senators and Congressmen represent only sections of it, and his isolation, as he has often insisted, has quite unexpectedly been his elevation. Not only is he the legal Executive and the leader of his party, but he is the sole authority competent to act the part of political guide and counsellor to the people as a whole. The position demands, and public opinion welcomes and supports, a President of force and initiative. "The whole country," said Mr. Wilson three years ago, "since it cannot decipher the methods of its legislation, is clamoring for leadership; and a new rôle which, to many persons, seems little less than unconstitutional, is thrust upon our Executives. The people are impatient of

a President or a Governor who will not formulate a policy and insist upon its adoption. They are impatient of a Governor who will not exercise energetic leadership, who will not make his appeals directly to public opinion and insist that the dictates of public opinion be carried out in definite legal reforms of his own suggestion." I agree with this diagnosis. There is, indeed, no phenomenon more palpable in present-day America than the utter decline of the old faith in representative assemblies. They are fast coming to be regarded from one end of the country to the other as public calamities. The popular view of the President's functions is that he is in the White House to save the nation from Congress. The popular view of a Governor of a State or of a Mayor of a City is that he stands between the people and the people's representatives, to protect the former and bridle the latter. Everywhere throughout America the tendency is to call in autocracy to safeguard democracy against itself. The same concentration of authority which has revolutionized the conduct of American industries is finding nowadays its inevitable political expression. In no other way do Americans see a chance of fixing responsibility and clearing a road through the jungle of professional politics.

Anyone who thinks that a professor and the head of a University must necessarily incline to "donnishness" could hardly be disabused more effectually than by spending a few hours in Mr. Wilson's company. He has not a trace of the aloofness, the limitations, and the cloistered futility that such a career and environment as his do occasionally induce. Donnishness, in any case, is rather an English than an American disease. The professors, and especially the Presidents, of the American Universities are a body of men remarkable for the vitality of their con-

tact with the world. They are men of affairs; they are often great citizens as well as great educational administrators; they are a human and energizing influence in the public as well as the intellectual life of their surroundings; one important Middle Western State may also be said to be governed from its University; and speaking generally, one feels in the American collegiate air an alertness and modernity and a consciousness of something more than a mere scholastic mission that may, and no doubt do, impair the quality of learning, but that at the same time strongly reinforce the quality of life. Dr. Wilson was an admirable example of this professional type. He always kept steadily in view the duty of making education serve the wider purposes of civic and national endeavor. What chiefly interested him in politics was to analyze ideas in their relation to the realities which were supposed to embody them. His essay on "Congressional Government" was one of the first attempts by a native publicist to get past the philosophy to the actual working results of the American scheme of government. It is only a slight exaggeration to say that it did for the American what Bagehot did for the British Constitution. In all his writings, indeed, one discerns a passion to pierce through the aspects of things to the facts beneath. He is the author of what is by far the most suggestive and judicial history of the American people that has yet been published; and the many articles he used to contribute to the monthly reviews on current affairs showed a spacious, free-working and discriminating mind, a supple style and a sure grip. Perhaps of all his writings the one that gives his intellectual measure with the greatest precision, and at the same time in the smallest compass, is the monograph he wrote for the volume on the United States in the Cambridge

Modern History. The period assigned to him was the crucial decade between 1850 and 1860, when North and South were drifting into the irrepressible conflict. Among all the able men who contributed to that volume, Woodrow Wilson stood out easily the first. His chapter was incomparably the best in the whole compilation. In grasp and comprehensiveness, in the persuasive strength of its style, in perspective, and in dispassionate sobriety, it was a really masterly exposition of the causes of the Civil War. And these same attributes, set off by an engaging personality and an easy and striking way of putting things, made his lectures, with their constant handling of contemporary events, not only the great attraction of Princeton, but a fountain-head of sound political thought and practical inspiration.

Mr. Wilson, then, entered public life with an endowment of knowledge, scholarship, and philosophy not merely rare but abnormal in American politics. He belongs, in fact, much more to the class of public men we are now becoming unaccustomed to in England rather than to the class that has hitherto pretty well dominated American affairs. He is nearer to Lord Morley, Mr. Balfour, Lord Bryce, and the late Professor Butler than to such typically American products as Cleveland, McKinley, or Bryan. The United States has only once in her history elected to the highest office in the gift of the Republic anyone who at all resembled him as an intellectual force, and that was when she placed Thomas Jefferson in the White House. The late Mr. John Hay belonged in many ways to the same cultured and reflective type; but Mr. Hay was never chosen, and in all probability could never have been chosen, by popular vote to any office whatever, and would have shrunk from submitting himself to any such ordeal. If Mr. Wilson had remained merely a

professor he too might have shrunk. But happily for himself and his country he was elected in 1902 to the Presidency of Princeton University and for the next eight years underwent a sustained and all-round experience in the daily work of administration. It is no light task to be the head of a great American University. He need not be a scholar nor a commanding intellectual figure, though Mr. Wilson is both. But he must have organizing power, the capacity for compromise, the gift of diplomacy, the ability not merely to form decisions, but to work them out in detail; he must have trained himself to the transaction of business and the exercise of executive authority; and he must have been braced by the continuous contact, and often the wholesome conflict, with a variety of men and issues. Princeton under Wilson, like Harvard a generation earlier under Elliot, took a new start from the day of its new President's inauguration. He infused into it a real spirit of work; and the first five years of his administration were a tale of internal peace, effective reform, and a vast expansion of fame, usefulness, and material success. It was not until he tried to change the social structure of the University in a "democratic" direction, and to insist on his right to control its educational policy, even to the extent of refusing large gifts of money for the establishment of a Graduate School of which he could not approve, that trouble broke out between himself and the Trustees. Unlike Englishmen, the Americans are interested in education; they followed the resounding controversy that raged through the clubs and lecture-halls and common-rooms of Princeton with close and comprehending intelligence; and they came quickly to the opinion not only that Dr. Wilson was fundamentally in the right, but that the stand he had taken and the qualities he had

shown in defending it marked him out for a wider sphere of public service.

The upshot of it was that in 1910 the Democratic "machine" in New Jersey, anxious to 'hide its grossness behind a respectable figure-head, and not doubting that a college President in politics would be nothing more than a figure-head, nominated Dr. Wilson for the Governorship of the State. But here was a college President with the genuine instinct for statesmanship, inured to conflict, tested by exacting responsibilities, and possessed by the idea that what above all else the State and the nation needed was leadership. There ensued one of the most remarkable campaigns that even America has ever seen. Dr. Wilson went up and down the State, avoiding personalities and partisanship, appealing to reason and conscience, laying bare the abuses of New Jersey's politics and social and industrial conditions, illuminating his theme with a natural eloquence that the most ignorant could understand and the most fastidious could enjoy, with a thousand happy phrases and illustrations, and a humor and freshness that made his whole campaign an intellectual treat and a political revelation. He fairly shook New Jersey awake, and New Jersey at that time, of all the States in the American Union, was the one where politics were most corrupt and most under the domination of "the interests" and where the theory of representative government was most openly belied by the actual facts. Republicans and Democrats flocked to the meetings of this University President who saw and spoke so clearly and to such high purpose and stated what he proposed to do so frankly and fearlessly; Republicans and Democrats joined on polling-day in electing him by a triumphant majority. In the first six months of his Governorship, after a struggle with the "machine" that was watched with

breathless interest by the whole country, Mr. Wilson had induced the Legislature to pass laws reforming the electoral system, regulating the public services, enforcing employers' liability, reorganizing education—in a word, civilizing the Statute Book of the State, and restoring to its people the means of self-government.

Mr. Wilson had put his theory of leadership to the proof and it had more than justified his faith in it. He knocked on the head the old and hampering idea that the Governor and the Legislature were necessarily opposing authorities, condemned to an eternity of conflict. His successes were achieved by approaching the whole problem of their relationship from a new angle, by treating the Assemblymen and Senators as colleagues instead of as antagonists, by emphasizing every point of agreement not only between himself and the Legislature, but between the parties inside the Legislature that still kept up an unmeaning feud, by making a policy of cooperation for the common good the keynote of his appeal, and by calling to his aid a pitiless publicity and the force of an aroused and instructed popular sentiment when conciliatory tactics were hopeless and a straight-out fight with the "machine" and its henchmen could no longer be avoided. And these are the methods he has pursued as President and in the larger sphere of national politics. He found himself fifteen months ago at the head of a huge, undisciplined, inexperienced majority, and the leader of a party that had been twenty years out of power, that had some explicit and difficult pledges to redeem, and that was bursting to show what it could accomplish. It needed a firm and at the same time a soothing hand on the reins. Mr. Wilson could hardly have desired a more ample opportunity for testing his conception of what a President should be.

He took charge at once. He assumed as a matter of course that it was part of his official duty not merely to "recommend" to Congress "such measures as he might judge necessary and expedient," but to supervise their drafting and assist them at every step of their passage through the House. There is a President's room at the Capitol, but it had remained practically unvisited until Mr. Wilson took to frequenting it for purposes of conferring on the spot with the leaders of Congress. For more than a hundred years no President had read his messages to the Legislature in person. They had instead embodied them in interminable essays and handed them over for delivery to clerks with rickety voices. Mr. Wilson revived the original practice, himself appeared before Congress when he had anything to say, and expounded his views with unparalleled brevity and the note of distinction that runs through all his utterances. All his predecessors, again, had been mainly absorbed by questions of patronage. Mr. Wilson, immediately on entering the White House, made it clear that such questions were to be laid before the Cabinet heads of the various departments and that he himself was to be left free for the proper business of the nation. Other Presidents had been accessible, but no one before him had made it a weekly practice to receive the Washington correspondents at a regular informal gathering and to answer on the spot whatever questions they might care to put. These innovations had a two-fold purpose, to bring the President and Congress into the closest and most constant cooperation and to keep the public informed as to the work and opinions of the Administration. Mr. Wilson has never lectured Congress in the pistolling manner that Mr. Roosevelt popularized; his methods are those of argument, persuasion, and appeal; only

once has he found it necessary to reach over the heads of the Legislature for the support of the electorate at large; he always quietly takes it for granted that he and the Representatives and the Senators are fellow-members on a great committee of public welfare, that no bullying or cajolery is required to induce them to work together, and that to the President, as the chairman of the committee, belongs the right of suggesting the agenda and how it should be handled.

The success of his methods had seemed little less than marvellous to a nation long unaccustomed to the smooth and efficient dispatch of legislative business. He took a large share in drafting, and a larger share in procuring the Congressional adoption of, a measure of Tariff revision that really rescued the fiscal policy of the country from the grip of privilege. That was a feat which those who are best acquainted with the political convulsions, the broken pledges and baffled hopes, that have attended all previous attempts at Tariff reduction, will appreciate most. Not only did the President hold his party together but, thanks to his calming influence on the public mind, the Bill became law with next to none of the excited apprehensions that used to accompany any effort to scale down the old insensate schedules. In place of the series of inordinate sops to particular groups of industry, the United States has now a comparatively rational and moderate system of Protection; and the Tariff question which for a generation and more has dominated and distracted American politics has been put on the shelf for a good many years to come. With that achievement to his credit Mr. Wilson went on to tackle the older and in some ways the even more contentious problem of currency reform. This, too, he solved as well perhaps as any one could hope to solve it in a land with

the curious financial history and prejudices of the United States; and again without anything approaching a party rupture. He removed the cardinal error of a currency issue based upon the purchase of an equal amount of Government bonds and he established a system of Federal Reserve Banks that, while an obvious compromise, will certainly do something to mitigate the panic-breeding rigidity and incoherence of the American currency system. I was able when in Washington a few months ago to judge the effect of these two successes upon political and popular opinion. People seemed hardly able to realize that within nine months of his inauguration President Wilson had actually disposed of two of the thorniest questions in American politics and that the Democrats, instead of dissolving into a series of mutually destructive factions, were working harmoniously together, at peace with themselves and with the White House, and magically obedient to the Presidential will. Americans are rapturously given to over-exalting their leaders. But in President Wilson's case they had the excuse that he had really accomplished something. The Wilson touch, the Wilson atmosphere, his quiet effectiveness, the consummate style and the appealing tone of his messages and occasional addresses, the plane on which he lived and moved, his originality of bearing and speech and procedure, in which malice itself could detect nothing theatrical, the great gulf that separated him from the type of President who is "playing politics" and thinking all the time of his chances of re-election, and the whole spectacle of this "amateur" and "Professor" driving his difficult team with such undeniable dexterity—all this the "man in the cars" found prodigiously to his liking. He trusted the President and was fascinated by him; while Congress, for its part, followed the lead of

the White House with hardly a murmur. Mr. Wilson had awed it into good behavior, and he ended his first year of office with a supremacy over the Legislature and popular sentiment such as Mr. Roosevelt, with an infinitely greater expenditure of heat, has never attained. I should say that when in January the President took up the question of the Trusts in a firm but also a tolerant and reconciling temper, proclaiming his friendliness towards the big business interests and urging that the removal of industrial abuses and malpractices should be accomplished in an atmosphere of accommodation and mutual understanding, his prestige and the national confidence in his judgment stood at a higher point than any President had reached in our time.

The best proof of his ascendancy was to be seen in the fact that, while eight out of every ten men one came across were in private sharp critics of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy, in public scarcely a word was said against it either in Congress or the Press. It was not until the murder of Mr. Benton in the last week of February that the silent misgivings found a voice. Subsequent developments and the President's handling of them have added to the uneasiness and made it not merely vocal but clamorous. The country has never quite understood, and has therefore never quite subscribed to, the principles which have guided Mr. Wilson throughout the Mexican entanglement or the end he has been pursuing. It sincerely shares his abhorrence of intervention on a big scale and its aftermath of huge responsibilities. It has trusted, perhaps, too implicitly in his capacity to find a peaceable way out, and it now finds itself face to face with a situation, largely of the President's own creation, and full of unattractive possibilities that cannot well be shirked. It con-

fronts that situation without enthusiasm and with an exasperated feeling that, under better management, it might have been avoided. Criticism in such circumstances is inevitable and proofs have not been lacking that the extraordinary loyalty and patience with which his countrymen have watched the President's dealings with General Huerta are being mingled with the suspicion that he has bungled the whole business. That does not mean that there will be any backwardness in responding to whatever calls he is ultimately driven to make upon them, but it does mean that the war, if it comes to war, will be unpopular, entered upon as a reluctant necessity and destitute of those chivalrous and humanitarian impulses that lent to the conflict with Spain something of the fervor of a crusade.

But what especially has altered President Wilson's position and clouded his prospects is the stand taken by him on the question of the Panama tolls. For all the support and applause it has elicited in quarters that make up in respectability for what they lack in political influence, there can be little question that, in fighting for the repeal of the discriminating clause in the Panama Canal Act, the President has set himself against the average opinion of both Congress and the country. A storm of unmeasured violence has broken upon his head and whatever its issue, Mr. Wilson's hold over his party has been shaken and must suffer. The legend of his invulnerability has been shattered; the spell is broken; the honeymoon is over. Everyone with a grievance against the Administration, the beet-sugar planters who declare themselves to be ruined by the coming of free sugar, the manufacturer who has been hit by the lowering of the Tariff schedules, the ordinary citizen wrestling for the first time with the importunities of the in-

come-tax, and the malcontents who spring up in the rear of every Government, is looking out for a chance to disparage and assail; and though the mass of the people remain justly proud of their President and have shed very little of their faith in him, critics and opponents accumulate and his hour of trouble is drawing near.

It is in Washington, naturally, that the reaction is most pronounced. Between Mr. Wilson and the average Senator or Congressman there is little sympathy of tastes or standards or character and next to no intellectual common-ground. His dictation has been acquiesced in, but it has never been, and never could have been, welcomed; and there is now a movement of revolt against it. The country approves the spectacle of this austere-looking President, rather sternly giving himself up to his prodigious task, and wasting neither time nor words nor emotions as he pursues his masterful purposes. But the politicians find him almost as intangible and enigmatical as they would find Lord Morley or Mr. Balfour. They are far more conscious than he is of his remoteness from the common clay. They feel almost as much embarrassed in his presence as a schoolboy at the headmaster's breakfast-table. How things will strike him, by what motives he is swayed, what arguments or considerations really appeal to him, from what angle should he be approached—they do not know. He listens to them with an impartial courtesy and instantaneous comprehension, but they detect, or think they detect, a warning air that fools and triflers will not be suffered gladly. Nor are they ever quite sure that they have got past his barricades and are in touch with the inner man. In official hours he is not very communicative or given to small talk; he isolates himself a good deal from the social life of Washington, gives few

openings for the sort of personal gossip that the American public loves to assimilate, cuts down all audiences, public and private, to the briefest limits, does not know or does not care what is being said about him, holds himself impassively in hand, and seems to the casual looker-on to be almost deliberately sparing of points of contact with the common run of American humanity. The capital is not used to, and is rather mystified by, a President of this kind; and most Congressmen cannot away with an uncomfortable sense of their own intellectual inferiority, of narrower views and less elevated ends. He is not one of them. When he talks of politics he is thinking of the nation and its needs, of ideas, and how to express them in legislation, and not of jobs, personalities, and the next election. The pettinesses and vulgarities, the base motives and low calculations, of the committee-room type of politician shrivel up before his serene integrity. It is not that he explodes upon them or shows any trace of moral or intellectual arrogance. It is simply that there is something in him and radiating from him, the presence and emanation of a spirit always instinctively in communion with the finer things of life, that abashes men of a meaner cast. He impresses one, even an infrequent acquaintance like myself, as a man governed by a living faith in religion and by a conscience that, if it is a solace, must also be one of the trials of his Presidential career. Once convinced that he has right and justice on his side and nothing can move him; I can imagine him then proving the most stubborn of men. A certain want of elasticity in his moral

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temperament and judgments unites in him, or so at least it seems to me, with the habit of authority and the pride of conviction and the impatience of opposition inherited from his pedagogic years to form a compound not without its dangers for a statesman in this unholy world of ours. His whole Mexican policy, indeed—the problem of how such a man could act in such a way—only becomes comprehensible when the guess is hazarded that his conscience rather than his intellect dictated it. It was a case where the scruples of an idealist revolted against a compromise to which a statesman of more robust or less sensitive disposition would have accommodated himself without difficulty. A good stiff conscience will sheathe a man in an ethical casing against which all arguments will helplessly blunt themselves, and will transform the clearest of thinkers into an obstinate and intractable doctrinaire; and, personally, except on the ground of conscience, I find it impossible to reconcile Mr. Wilson's diplomacy in Mexico either with his trained and comprehensive intelligence or with the decisiveness that has marked his treatment of domestic issues. He is a sombre, I have even heard him called an angular, President, who rarely relaxes into expansiveness or allows the public to catch a glimpse of the great store of winning and many-sided humanity, the abounding sense of fun, that delights his intimates. The richness and variety of his talk, the spontaneous humor that is of the very essence of his zest in life, these he keeps for his family and his friends. The mass of his countrymen have still to learn to know him.

Sydney Brooks.

AIR CRAFT IN WAR.

Almost unheeded, a momentous conflict is raging amongst the Powers. The first chapter of another volume of the "next" war has been started. In the European campaign of to-morrow aerial supremacy will probably prove to be the dominant factor. That supremacy will be gained in peace. Salient and vital in this peace-strategy, this "war of preparation," is the contest for the air. Are we forward in the struggle? Let us consider briefly some of the many factors and components involved in the further development of military aviation.

The term "aerial supremacy" is not, as is inferred by large sections of the press and by the man in the street, synonymous with numerical superiority in aircraft. The fact that military aviation means a combination of organization, training, and material is often overlooked. To gain the true criterion of aerial strength, equal weight must be given to training of personnel, to ground organization, and to the supply and maintenance of the best possible material. An air service lacking good ground arrangements is more seriously handicapped than is a fleet without bases.

In the air, as on land and at sea, advantage is with numbers; but, as we have recently seen in France, numbers alone do not denote aerial strength. A national subscription of about a quarter of a million was raised in France last year to promote military aviation. To encourage the home industry (and perhaps to gain public favor), part of this sum was spent on the purchase of 170 aeroplanes of various French marks. The Press then proudly declared that so many hundreds of aeroplanes were available for war purposes, and the public was assured of French predominance. When taken into army

use, however, many of the machines were found to be out of date. Further, their multiplicity of types, involving a multiplicity of spare parts, rendered efficient ground organization impossible. It is even doubtful whether many of them will be retained in the French Air Service. The move may have had its political value; the actual gain to the service was comparatively small.

The principle emphasized is that the fewer the types or designs of aircraft used in a flying corps the better; and standardization within those designs must be rigidly adhered to. British organization is based upon this principle. Before proceeding to a detailed examination of its development, it will be useful to glance at the types and characteristics of existing aircraft.

The main classes of aircraft for military purposes are airships, aeroplanes, and kites. The radius of action of the latest airships is approximately 1000 miles, though theoretically their range is greater. Their speed is from 40 to 50 miles an hour in still air, and they have a lifting power of from 20 to 30 tons. This leaves a useful margin for crew and light armament. Airships can hover, and they afford an excellent all-round view. Owing to their ability to remain in the air for many hours, if necessary without the assistance of a motor, they are excellent for night work; and their long-range wireless equipment renders them very valuable for distant reconnaissance. On the other hand, they are vulnerable to fire owing to their size, and they require a well-trained ground personnel for safe landing.

Aeroplanes normally have a tankage capacity of about 200 miles and a speed of from 60 to 90 miles an hour. When in flight their vulnerability to fire is

small. The rate of climbing of an average machine is from four to five hundred feet a minute. This is a slower rate than that of the vertical rise of an airship, but aeroplanes can attain to heights quite impossible to airships. Both aeroplanes and airships deteriorate if left in the open, but the former less rapidly than the latter. At present the principal rôle of the aeroplane is reconnaissance by day. The engine is still not sufficiently reliable to permit of practical night work.

Kites are of value for the observation of artillery fire. They support an observer and his carrier at from 1500 to 2000 feet, from which height fire may be directed by means of a telephone. Kites cannot easily be damaged by hostile artillery; but they have the great disadvantage that they can only be used in steady winds ranging from about 20 to 40 miles an hour. Balloons, though not used in war, have considerable value in the preliminary training of pilots and observers in airmanship and map-reading.

In this country, kites, balloons, and small dirigibles were till recently handled on a very limited scale and in a tentative manner by Balloon Companies, and by the late Air Battalion of the Royal Engineers. These units were unfortunately much handicapped by lack of public interest and funds; and it was not until early in 1912, when the progress of aviation abroad was brought home to the authorities, that the first serious steps to form a suitable air service were taken. There were at that time very few data upon which to base a detailed organization; each of the Powers was endeavoring to form an air service, but that of France alone had materialized sufficiently to afford useful help. Since then the French organization has undergone many changes. A Council has recently been formed to advise the War Ministry on questions of scientific research,

industrial enterprise, and military aeronautics.

In principle, the air service of France now consists of three lines—frontier, reserve and training. The further organization appears to be somewhat indefinite, but it is understood that the formation of two regiments, of three battalions each, is proposed. The "escadrilles" of these battalions will be distributed among certain specified centres. It is probable that each centre will have ten "escadrilles" and their reserves. The number of aeroplanes per "escadrille" has hitherto been six, with two more in reserve. It is reported that a Government aircraft factory is shortly to be formed. The French airships have until to-day been of the non-rigid and semi-rigid types, but the large rigid is now also being tried. France has at present about eleven useful airships available for war purposes, with suitably equipped bases for their employment.

The German organization has developed somewhat differently. The Army and Navy services are distinct. The administration of the former is supervised by the Inspector-General of Military Communication Services. Under him is an Inspector with two assistants, the one dealing with heavier-than-air craft and the other with those lighter than air. The former service is organized in five battalions, each normally consisting of three companies, which are, as a rule, stationed at fortresses away from the headquarters of their battalions. In war a number of flying units are to be formed from battalions. The units will probably each consist of six aeroplanes with their personnel and transport, and it is expected that they will be allotted to Army Corps.

In airships, Germany has a remarkable lead. This service has behind it many years of strenuous endeavor; and, as a result, there is no doubt that

the Zeppelins, Schutte-Lanz, Army M type and Parsevals have attained to a high state of efficiency. The airship troops comprise six battalions. Army airship bases are situated at Berlin, Königsberg, Metz, Cologne, Mannheim, Friedrichshafen, Dresden, Düsseldorf and Munich; and many others are now being built. The naval air service is administered by the Admiralty. It has two airships in course of construction, and a number of seaplanes. A naval airship base is situated at Cuxhaven and another is, it is reported, projected on the Island of Heligoland. Seaplane stations are being established on the North Sea and Baltic.

Now to turn to the British organization. The general outlines of that organization are as follows: There is to be one air service consisting of a Military Wing and a Naval Wing, the idea being that either Wing shall be available to assist the other as occasion may require. There is no chief of the Air Service and its branches. The Director of the Air Department at the Admiralty administers the Naval Wing. The Director-General of Military Aeronautics at the War Office is responsible for the Military Wing, the Central Flying School, the Royal Aircraft Factory, and the Aeronautical Inspection Department. The Military Wing is to undertake all work with heavier-than-air craft, with the exception of the seaplane service mentioned below. The Naval Wing is now to be responsible for the provision of the lighter-than-air type, and for seaplanes operating directly from the fleet. The Central Flying School, paid for as to two-thirds by the War Office and as to one-third by the Admiralty, carries out the initial training of Army and Navy pilots. It is administered by the War Office and is staffed by both services. The Royal Aircraft Factory carries out experimental work. It also effects heavy repairs which are beyond the scope of

the squadron workshops, or in cases where time does not permit of their being done by the manufacturers. Aeroplanes are also constructed from time to time when special considerations require. The Inspection Branch has recently been formed with the object of inspecting aeronautical material, aircraft and engines, supplied for the use of the Military Wing and the Central Flying School.

The Naval Wing consists of a seaplane section, an airship section, and a naval flying school. According to the official report it possesses 62 seaplanes and 41 aeroplanes, and will complete its present establishment of 15 airships this year. Naval airship centres have not yet been formed. The principal requirements of a naval as of a military airship are long range and high speed, as distant reconnaissance will be their chief duty. They also require considerable weight-carrying capacity. It is not anticipated that much will be effected by deck attack against men-of-war, but it is quite possible that such attack by means of bombs would be effective against troop-ships. Also roadsteads and harbors might be blocked by means of mercantile shipping sunk in this manner. The Naval Flying School at Eastchurch trains those seaplane pilots who are not sent to the Central Flying School. So far no very satisfactory type of seaplane has been evolved in England or abroad. Hydro-aeroplanes for use on comparatively calm inland waters are one thing; seaplanes to negotiate even small waves are quite another.

The Military Wing is to comprise a headquarters, an aircraft park, a kite flight, and eight aeroplane squadrons for use with the Expeditionary Force. The sanctioned establishment of the Wing is 165 officers, 1264 noncommissioned officers and men, 200 aeroplanes, and a flight of kites. This

establishment will be completed during the present year. There will also be a reserve of pilots. In war, the headquarters will consist of the Officer Commanding the Military Wing and his staff. The duties of this commander will be to act as technical adviser to the Commander-in-Chief, and he will also be responsible generally for the maintenance and administration of the air service. The tactical unit, an aeroplane squadron, is subdivided into a squadron headquarters and three flights, each of the latter being equipped to provide four active and three reserve aeroplanes. Each flight is a homogeneous unit consisting of personnel, aeroplanes and transport, and certain inter-communication accessories; it is thus able to act independently of the rest of the squadron. It may in turn be subdivided into self-contained half-flights. There are seven light tenders or motor cars and nineteen heavy vehicles with a squadron in the field. This transport is organized in two echelons. The first contains first-aid detachments, tools, spare parts, fuel and oil for immediate use. The second echelon is fitted to effect heavier repairs and to carry a reserve of spare parts. The base unit of the field organization will be the aircraft park, which will be at the advanced base or at some convenient point on the line of communication in its vicinity.

No definite rules can as yet be laid down as to the method of employing aircraft in war. The duties demanded are so various as to make it impossible for one type to fulfil all requirements. Though, however, long strategical reconnaissance demands one attribute, the tactical sphere another, and fighting in the air a third, the obvious maxim is that there must be no water-tight compartments, and all available strength must be fully employed. In the initial strategical stages, distant reconnaissance and such work as the destruction

of airships will probably fall to the squadrons with the Commander-in-Chief. In the tactical phase it is likely that the majority of squadrons will be allotted to Army Corps and Divisions. The general principle in view is that the Commander-in-Chief, acting through the Commander of the Military Wing, will allot the various squadrons according to requirements and vary their distribution as the situation may demand.

In the strategical phase, aircraft will assist the Cavalry Division to locate their objective. For this purpose the most suitable type will be aeroplanes that can be easily dismantled for road transport and quickly re-erected, so that, when the weather renders flying impracticable, they may still accompany the unit to which they have been allotted. The work of the squadrons attached to General Headquarters has already been indicated. The remaining squadrons will in this phase accompany the main body, the reconnoitring aeroplanes being employed in protective reconnaissance on the flanks, and the fighting machines in preventing the enemy's reconnaissance by attacking his air forces.

A flying corps is peculiarly dependent upon its transport. If "an army marches on its stomach," aircraft exist upon their "spares." All air-service units in the field must therefore be accompanied by their first echelons of transport. The second echelons, owing to their unwieldy proportions, will often have to remain in the rear with the heavy transport, but every possible facility will have to be given them for reinforcement. During the tactical phase the distances to be covered will be less; the squadron landing-grounds will be close in rear of the fighting troops; and it should be possible to bring parts of the second echelons to these centres. In this phase the duties of a flying corps will be many and

varied. Fighting to gain information and fighting to prevent reconnaissance, observation of the progress of the battle, co-operation with the artillery, inter-communication between various headquarters—experience alone will show how the new arm is to be employed to render most efficiently these and other miscellaneous services.

At its present stage of development, the potential utility of aircraft in war may undoubtedly be summed up in the word "reconnaissance." Its essence is rapidity. Information may be obtained regardless of natural or artificial barriers; seldom will mountain chains, rivers or fortifications serve to screen the combinations of the strategist. The effect of aircraft will be most marked during the opening phases of a campaign, for they are peculiarly fitted for the vital service of strategical reconnaissance. But, although they will save the cavalry much labor and greatly increase its efficiency, they cannot supplant it in this rôle. Aircraft are unable to remain constantly in touch with the enemy, cannot as a rule identify individual units, and are useless in heavy rain, mist and fog.

In aerial reconnaissance the observer is as important a factor as the aircraft. In Tripoli, the Balkans, and on manoeuvres it has been proved conclusively that an untrained observer is worse than useless; the observer must be a specialist. A sound knowledge of military matters is essential; and to this must be added eye for country, natural aptitude and continuous training. The aerial scout must be so trained that he is able to recognize at a glance the units of any arm, in any formation, and estimate their numerical strength. His nerve and eyesight must be of the best; he must possess considerable stamina, for victory or defeat may depend upon his efficiency under the most adverse conditions; and

his visual memory must be of a high order.

Experience teaches that climatic conditions affect observation from the air to a larger extent than was anticipated. Ground mists, which frequently occur in the early morning and evening throughout the year in many parts of Europe, may at times effectually cloak the movements of troops. Mists are also contingent to mountainous areas and to those traversed by large rivers. In the campaigns of the future it is probable that columns will seek the more mist-covered lines of advance.

The whole question of the visibility of troops in various formations in the field is an interesting one. It has been found that, under normal conditions, it is very difficult to conceal troops on the march from aircraft reconnoitring by day. The plan of halting and taking cover whenever an aeroplane engine is heard has proved to be impracticable. It entails constant delay and increased fatigue for the troops; and various items of transport which accompany a column cannot usually be hidden. Deployed infantry, if they remain motionless, cannot easily be picked up at safe reconnoitring heights of 3000 feet and over, though much depends upon the background as seen from the observer's point of view. Troops may be effectually concealed in billets, provided that the horses and transport are carefully hidden; and during the recent manoeuvres the troops of the 4th Division were on several occasions successful in escaping notice when in bivouac.

Experiments in this country tend to show that entrenchments will be difficult to hide from aircraft unless carefully toned to their surroundings. The Italian aircraft in Tripoli discover trenches which, owing to careful disguise, were not visible from below. Photography will obviously be a great aid to aerial reconnaissance, particularly as regards field-works and perma-

nent fortifications. Photographs taken from aeroplanes have hitherto been developed on the ground; the process occupies about seven minutes, and an enlarged print may be obtained in an additional ten minutes.

Among the more important aspects of aerial reconnaissance is that of observation of artillery fire. Although kites and captive balloons are in some respects suitable for this service, they have the great disadvantage of not being mobile. During an engagement, artillery units may frequently be required to move, and their assistant reconnaissance services must move with them. For these purposes, the aeroplane, being the swiftest and least vulnerable of aircraft, is now generally employed. The information obtained may be conveyed to the guns either by smoke puffs or signal lights discharged from the aeroplane when it is immediately above the target. Another method is to drop an enlarged map; or, again, the aeroplane may return in a straight line from the target to the battery, and thus indicate the necessary direction, the range then being obtained by bracket fire assisted by further aerial observation.

One of the chief difficulties in the co-operation of aeroplanes with artillery is that of rapid inter-communication. The same difficulty presents itself when aeroplanes are co-operating with other troops. The solution seems to lie in the successful installation of wireless in this type of aircraft. At present aeroplanes transmit their information either by dropping messages or by returning to earth. Both these systems have disadvantages. The first entails the risk of the message being lost through falling into water, or amongst trees, scrub, high grass, etc.; the second entails delay, as headquarters may be constantly on the move, and suitable landing-ground in the vicinity may not be available. Officers will be appointed

for the special work of selecting and marking landing-grounds. A system of indicating landing-places for various aircraft has already been evolved. For the average aeroplane a field 200 yards square (about 9 acres) is sufficient if the ground is fairly level and hard. The larger the field, the better; but it is interesting to note that small fields, which preclude the landing of swift, high-powered machines, are often quite suitable for the landing of slower-flying craft. The requirements for an airship landing-place are not quite the same as those for an aeroplane. Under normal weather conditions an area 50 per cent larger than the airship is sufficient; but the spot chosen must be accessible for motor transport, and shelter from the prevailing winds is essential for safety, unless a mooring mast is available. The selection of ground suitable for the flying of man-lifting kites is often difficult. The site must be free from obstacles and have a clear space 600 to 1000 yards in length for safe hauling-in. It is possible to haul down in a smaller space, but this involves considerable preparation.

The various points bearing on the utility of aircraft in reconnaissance have been dwelt on, because reconnaissance is, at present, pre-eminently their rôle. Indications are, however, not lacking that they are destined to play another and equally important rôle in warfare. Fighting aircraft must now be considered. The problems inherent in the question of aerial warfare are numerous and complex. They may perhaps be best considered under two heads, first, aerial warfare proper, that is the action of aircraft against aircraft in the air; and, second, the action of aircraft against troops, transport, bases, etc., on the ground.

With regard to the first, there are no data upon which to base conclusions.

Inferences can only be drawn from the apparent battle-value of the various types. Airships are armed with small quick-firing guns, machine-guns, automatic rifles and bombs; and the same type of armament may also be used in aeroplanes. As already mentioned, the airship when opposed to aeroplanes will probably have the advantage of fire superiority owing to its heavier armament and comparatively large "platform stability," but on the other hand its envelope affords a large and extremely vulnerable target. Owing to its ability to ascend vertically and swiftly, it will, during the first phases of the combat, be able to obtain and maintain "position," but eventually its slower-climbing assailants will be able to rise above it. In this case, if the airship has no gun mounted on the top, its whole armament will be defiladed by its envelope. In a running fight, however, advantage will, to some extent, be with the airship owing to its superiority in air-duration.

It does not seem probable that pitched battles will take place between fleets of such aeroplanes as now exist. Their radius of action is limited, and they cannot keep the air indefinitely while waiting for their scouts to bring back information as to the enemy's whereabouts. Owing to lack of facilities for inter-communication, cohesion in an aeroplane fleet would be difficult to maintain, and manœuvre under a single commander would be impossible. It is probable therefore, that after the first onset the battle will resolve itself into a series of combats between small units or single machines. Airships undoubtedly possess an advantage in the fact that their wireless installation facilitates control, and hence concerted action. It seems probable that they will endeavor to fight in flotillas or fleets, to ensure mutual support and utilize their superior gun-power.

With regard to the second head, that

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of aircraft acting against troops on the ground, the data, though of a negative character, and referring only to bomb-dropping, are interesting. Bombs were dropped from aircraft both in the Balkans and in Tripoli. The actual results in both cases were negligible. For instance, a Bulgarian aeroplane is reported to have dropped thirty bombs into Adrianople in one day, and the resulting casualties were only six. Bomb-dropping will, of course, be more effective from airships than from aeroplanes, but the speed of both renders it very difficult to hit any object aimed at from a safe height. Though the obstacles are being gradually overcome, troops on the ground are still little vulnerable to aircraft attack. The probable result of aircraft attack is, then, as yet chiefly moral. When the various types of fighting aircraft are evolved and their armaments and methods of attack perfected, the results will be very real. Aircraft will then carry the attack into the strategical zone, and perhaps beyond it. Troops in mass, on the march, in camp and in bivouac, ammunition and supply parks, arsenals, dockyards, naval and aircraft bases,—these will be some of the targets selected.

The duties of aircraft in future campaigns will be numerous and widely divergent in character, and, as already indicated, various classes of machine will be required for their performance. We may soon have to consider such problems as the types of craft best suited for work with the Cavalry, with Headquarters of the Army, and with Flanking Divisions; the type best adapted to the requirements of a battle squadron, of a low-flying armored destroyer, of a scout flotilla, and possibly of transport convoy and repair craft. The forerunners of these fighting aircraft are already with us; weight-lifting aeroplanes and giant airships are flying to-day. Large as these

machines may now appear, they will certainly be dwarfed by the aircraft of the future, for many desirable features are enhanced with increase of size.

The evolution of the most suitable types of aircraft is the phase in the struggle for air supremacy upon which we are now entering. In the matter of design and construction of aeroplanes, in personnel and in organization, Great Britain undoubtedly leads. That lead can only be maintained by sustained and strenuous effort. There can be no question that, both from the military and the commercial point of view, aerial supremacy is within our reach. Will she but make the effort, England may be mistress of the air as she is of the seas. The provision of numbers must be faced. Vast issues are at stake; and it is surely unthinkable

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that the opportunity will be lost. In the sphere of aeronautics it is more difficult than in others to regain ground. The time is at hand when even feverish effort will not avail, but to-day we may take the lead with comparative ease, and once gained it should not be difficult to retain. The expenditure entailed would be very slight in comparison to the sums spent on those other types of national insurance, the Army and Navy. The entire vote for the Air Service for the current year would not purchase a single Dreadnought, yet there can be no doubt that the expenditure represents a better insurance return. From the point of view of national safety, a paramount air service is the most economical form of national insurance.

F. H. Sykes.

OUR ALTY.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL).

CHAPTER XVII.

Alty was sitting by the fire the picture of neatness and discretion when her grandmother entered; the expression of her face as she bent over her work was resigned, not to say melancholy, and her eyes bore traces of tears.

"Well!" remarked Mrs. Orrell, dropping heavily into the nearest chair and unfastening her cloak, "I've heerd more nor I wanted to hear. Eh, Alty, I wonder ye can bear to look me in the face!"

Alty, who as a matter of fact had not ventured to raise her eyes when her relative came in, now bent a little lower over her darning and heaved a sigh.

"Ah, ye may sigh," remarked her grandmother, determined to improve the occasion; "there's more to sigh for

nor what ye think. Your name's in everyone's mouth! Ah, 'tis that—the very postman was talkin' about ye when I coom up to Fazackerly's, and they have the tale in all the public houses."

She took off her bonnet and threw it on the table with a tragic air.

"Eh, Grandma," gasped Alty, beginning to cry again: never in all her life had poor Alty shed so many tears as on this memorable day which was to have been her wedding-day.

"Ah, I'm not surprised at your crying," resumed the old woman; "ye must cry, I doubt. I'm not one for keepin' back the truth, and 'tis as well ye should ha' summat to cry for, as John said just now."

"Did Mester Fazackerly say that?" asked Alty, in a choked voice.

"Them was his very words," re-

joined Mrs. Orrell. "Go home and tell Alty," he says, "'tis as well she should know."

"Is he angry with me, too, then?" faltered Alty.

"He's sorry, but he's not angry, and ye may thank your stars for that—ye may thank your stars, Alty Orrell, as you've got sich a good friend as John Fazackerly. There, I doubt you're a lucky girl, luckier nor you deserve to be, I can tell ye. John Fazackerly is goin' to stand your friend. He's thought of a way o' shuttin' folks' mouths, and puttin' an' end to tittle-tattle, but he'll tell ye about that hisself. He's comin' here to talk to ye. Now, give over cryin'. Eh, dear, was there ever sech a wench. Give over, I tell ye. Run and wash your face at the tap. You're not fit to be seen."

Alty withdrew her hand from the stocking which she had been mending and went mournfully into the adjacent back kitchen; there she bathed her face with but moderate success, for her tears and the cold water flowed together.

Mrs. Orrell clacked her tongue when she returned after the final polish on the drying towel.

"I declare ye've made a reg'lar object o' yoursel'," she exclaimed in a vexed tone; "ye'd best stand outside o' the door a bit, then, and see what the air 'ull do for ye."

Alty was standing by the garden gate, with the evening breeze ruffling her hair, when John Fazackerly came swinging down the lane towards the cottage. She did not dare to raise her eyes, and therefore missed the portent which his attire was intended to convey to her. He on his side was quick to notice the mournful droop of her shoulders and the evidences of tears. His face fell accordingly, and he stood for a moment hesitating how to proceed. The sound of an emphatic cough attracted his attention to the doorway,

just within which lurked the figure of Mrs. Orrell; as she caught his eye she made an enigmatical gesture with her hand.

"Shall we come indoors, Alty?" he asked in a troubled tone.

Here the cough came again, this time with a warning note.

"Yes, please to step in, Mester Fazackerly," said Alty, opening the gate, still without raising her eyes.

"Ye'd best go up the lane a bit," suggested Grandma, in the doorway. "Take her up the lane, John, or walk her about fields."

"Coom, then," said John.

He led the way, and Alty meekly followed him, her heart beating very fast the while. What was Mester Fazackerly going to say? The solemnity of his manner alarmed her, and Grandma's evident wish that he should speak to her alone. He was goin' to talk to her, Grandma had said; he was goin' to put an end to the tittle-tattle about her; perhaps he was goin' to send her away.

Once or twice, as Alty remembered, when there had been gossip about girls in the village they had been sent away to distant situations—possibly that was now going to happen to her. Mester Fazackerly was going to find a place for her, and meant to give her a good talking to first. He was not one to say much on ordinary occasions, as he had averred just now: those dreadful tales which were in everyone's mouth must be very bad to rouse him to such an unusual proceeding.

Meanwhile the farmer, tramping ahead, had turned aside from the lane, and opened a gate which led into one of his own fields—a field where clover had been sown as after-math; the scent of the dewy leaves, bruised beneath his feet, mounted to Alty's nostrils as she stepped past him. She stood a pace or two away as he carefully closed the gate, and turned towards her.

"Now, then, Alty," said he, in a tone which he endeavored to make natural.

He came and stood beside her, and Alty took note of the fact that his boots were brightly polished.

"Coom," said John in an unsteady voice. "Can't ye make shift to look up, my lass?"

Alty raised her eyes, and saw that John's face looked kind and queer, also very red, though that may have been the effect of the setting sun shining through his beard.

"I've summat to say," remarked John; "'tis a bit hard, but I doubt your Grandma 'ull ha' told ye summat. She knows why I think this here notion's for the best."

Here the sobs, which Alty had been endeavoring to choke down, ever since her ablutions at the tap, now burst forth afresh; John Fazackerly's kind tone which seemed to belie the import of his words increasing her sense of inner desolation.

"Eh, Mester Fazackerly," she gasped, "don't send me away! Eh, I don't want to go away! I'll be good if ye'll let me bide."

She caught his arm as she spoke, and to her surprise, after leaving it for a moment rigid in her grasp, he twitched it away and put it round her.

"I'll let ye bide," he rejoined huskily, "eh, that I will, let ye bide if ye'll promise me to bide for ever."

The support of the big, strong arm was comforting, and the tone, if husky, was certainly not angry, the face too, for all its odd expression, was compassionate and tender.

Eh, Grandma was right, Mester Fazackerly was a good friend.

"I'll bide as long as ye like," she said tremulously. "I'll work awful hard, and I'll never, never give ye no more trouble. I'll never ha' nought to say to no more young men."

John hesitated for a moment and then dropped his arm.

"I see ye don't quite understand yet what's agate," he remarked, with an unsteady laugh. "I thought your Grandma had put it to ye plain, but I see she's left that to me. Coom, Alty, I've summat to ax ye, and I want a straight answer. Will ye have me?"

"Have ye?" echoed Alty.

"Aye, that's what I said. Will ye marry me, Alty?"

Half insensibly she moved a step away from him, gazing into his face with amazement.

Marry Mester Fazackerly! Marry the Gaffer whom even independent Alty had deemed to be set upon a pinnacle infinitely above her.

"Eh, Mester Fazackerly!" she gasped.

The color ebbed from her face, her eyes seeming unnaturally large and bright under their tear-stained lids.

"Eh, I knowed ye'd be a bit took aback," said John in a vexed tone, "but I thought your Grandma 'ud ha' prepared ye. I'm only wantin' to do what's for the best, Alty, my dear. It 'ud be the best way o' shuttin' folks' mouths. I'd like to see the man as 'ud say an ill word o' my wife."

Alty's emotions choked her utterance, but she continued to gaze at John with what seemed to be ever-increasing wonder.

"'Tisn't as I want to take advantage o' ye, neither," he went on, "'tisn't my way, that. If ye could make up your mind to it I truly think it 'ud be for the best—but if ye feel ye can't, lass, out wi' it! I'll stand yōur friend as how 'tis.—Coom, what do ye say?"

"Eh, I say, Thank you, Mester Fazackerly," murmured Alty brokenly.

"No, thank you, do ye say?" queried John, deeply crestfallen.

"Nay, Mester Fazackerly, I said *Thank ye*—thank ye kindly. I'm sure I'm very much obliged to ye."

"It's to be a match then, is it, my wench?" said he; his voice was nearly as unsteady as her own.

Alty nodded. "I reckon it's awful good o' ye, Mester Fazackerly," she said presently. "I'm sure I never could ha' looked for no sech thing, and now when everyone's thinkin' ill o' me that you should come forrard. Eh, dear, I do think 'tis good o' ye."

She half expected the kind arm to come round her again, but it hung stiffly by John's side; he was looking at her very intently and she felt of a sudden crushed with humiliation.

"Eh, Mester Fazackerly," she faltered, "I hope 'twasn't Grandma as put the notion into your head."

John smiled and shook the head in question.

"I wouldn't like for to take advantage o' you neither," said Alty tearfully. "I wouldn't like for you to think yoursel' bound to help me, along o' what's happened."

"That 'ud be a funny notion, wouldn't it?" said John. He spoke almost roughly, but, after a moment, continued, in a softer tone, drawing a step nearer to her the while. "Coom, there's to be no talk o' takin' advantage on one side or t'other, and there's to be no more cryin'. Dry your e'en, my wench, and cheer up; it 'ull be a nice match, and a match as nobry can say a word again'. My mother 'ull ha' a daughter-in-law arter her own heart. Coom, shall we go in and tell her?"

"If ye like, Mester Fazackerly," rejoined the girl, "but I'm not dressed gradely, and I doubt she'll see I've been cryin'."

"Well, then," said John, "we'll tell Grandma; and to-morrow 'ull be time enough for my mother."

He turned to leave the field, and Alty followed, very humble and chastened.

"Mester Fazackerly, it's awful good o' ye—too good."

He had not asked a single question, nor uttered a word of reproach; he was taking her on her trust; he knew—here poor Alty's crushed self-respect

endeavored to raise its head—he knew he was making a good match—but did he love her? It seemed to be only by accident that he had put his arm about her.

Meanwhile John, plodding ahead, was saying to himself:

"She's scared still, poor lass. I'll not do nought to frighten her more. I must go cautious—she'll happen turn to me arter a bit, but I must go cautious; I mustn't forget as this here was to ha' been her weddin'-day. If I was to forget mysel' it might put her again' me."

Grandma was awaiting them in her elbow-chair, having duly lit the lamp, drawn down the blinds, and spread the best table-cloth; in fact the kitchen had a certain festive air, as though in preparation for an event.

"Well?" she said, as they entered.

"Well," responded John, "it's reet; she's willin' to have me."

Mrs. Orrell's face was a study, her inward satisfaction struggling with an outward assumption of lofty dignity: now that the affair was settled she had no wish to appear unduly elated. It was a nice match, and Farmer Fazackerly was a desirable husband, but when all was said and done the Orrells could hold their own with anybody in point of family, and Alty herself was a desirable wife for anybody.

"Ah," she remarked, with a kind of distant graciousness, "I'm pleased, I'm sure. Alty 'ull make ye a good wife, John. There's a good few years between you, but ye'll not get on the worse for that."

"I hope not," said John.

"Your mother 'ull be pleased, no doubt," continued Mrs. Orrell, still with a condescending air. "Dear, yes, she's been callin' out for a daughter-in-law this ten year, and she allus thought the world o' Alty."

"Ah," agreed John, "she did that."

Alty stood by, with downcast eyes, drawing patterns with the point of her

shoe on the sand with which the floor was strewn.

"And Alty isn't one as 'ud ever be nasty to the old lady," resumed Mrs. Orrell. "Though she *would* be your missus and have most of the work of the house on her hands, she'd never go for to cast it up at her."

"Grandma," interrupted Alty, looking up with blazing eyes and hot cheeks, "however can ye go for to say sech things! If there's to be any castin' up it's Mrs. Fazackerly as might do it to me; you're forgettin' why Mester Fazackerly's marryin' me."

"Coom," said John awkwardly, "let's have no talk o' castin' up at all. Who wants to cast up? Alty 'ull go on bein' good to my mother same as she's allus been, and my mother 'ull think the world o' her and be as 'appy as a queen to have her for a daughter, and I'll be 'appy, too, and think the world o' her too, same as *I've* allus done—so all's reet.—Now I think I'll be trottin' home to tell the owd lady my bit o' news. Good evenin' to ye both."

He nodded, and turned towards the door.

"Alty," said Mrs. Orrell, "ye can go and open garden gate for John."

As the girl followed her lover into the garden, Mrs. Orrell pushed the door to behind them.

"They're a bit shy wi' each other," she said to herself with a dry chuckle. "They'll happen get a bit forrarder wi'out me to look on."

Outside the evening was very still; the sun had set and a few stars were already twinkling in the clear, luminous

sky; just above the apple tree at the further end of the garden appeared the horns of the young moon. In the faint light John's figure loomed colossal. He stood still, inhaling the cool air with insensible delight, but the girl took no note of the beauty and sweetness of her surroundings, not though the scent of her own moss-roses filled the air with their fragrance. Her heart was oppressed, not so much with sadness, as with a sense of the strangeness of her lot, while the very gratitude which she felt towards her new suitor was in itself a burden.

"Mester Fazackerly," she said, as they moved together towards the little gate. "Do you think it is reet, this here what we're doin'? Yesterday at this time I were gettin' everythin' ready for to marry Mr. Royton, and now I've give my promise to you."

John reflected for a moment, and then said reassuringly:

"It's reet, lass, it's reet; I'll not hurry ye noways for to name the day or that, but 'twas best to speak at once so as I'll have the reet to stand by you."

"Eh," said Alty, "you're awful good, Mester Fazackerly."

She opened the gate. John stood for a moment hesitating and then said "Good neet" again, in his usual tone of rough kindness.

As Alty re-entered the cottage her grandmother looked up sharply, but the girl, pushing past her, ran swiftly up the ladder-stairs, closing the door of her own little attic-room with a bang.

(*To be continued.*)

SELF-DEFENCE IN THE HUMAN BODY.

By DR. CHARLES D. MUSGROVE, Author of *Nervous Breakdowns*, &c.

One of the most extraordinary features of accident assurance is the relatively small number of claims. It seems

all the more remarkable when we consider the recurring risks which people run every day of their lives. It is only

when we ponder the matter that we realize how many narrow escapes we have had. We go about our work or play, busy and preoccupied, up and down stairs, round corners, and through the midst of traffic, and yet it is seldom that an accident happens to us. We almost tripped on the stairs, nearly ran into some obstacle at the corner, all but got run over by a motor-car, and the whole time we were thinking of other things, only managing to dodge the various hazards just in the nick of time.

Occasionally it dawns upon us that we have had a hair's-breadth escape, but a thousand times we are oblivious of the fact. We realize neither the danger nor the escape. In that very fact our safety lies; for if we were conscious of all the perils that beset us, and if it were left to our judgment to avoid them, there is little doubt that but few of us would live to grow up. By the time we had made up our minds what to do, the disaster would have taken place. A man is lighting a lamp, when it suddenly explodes, and a scorching tongue of flame shoots out straight toward his face. At the same instant he shuts his eyes and jerks back his head, and so escapes injury. He has made these movements actually before he had time to realize his danger. Had the matter been left to his will, the flame would have reached him, and he might have sustained serious damage to his eyesight; for the impression would have had to travel from his eye to the visual centres in his brain, and thence to the conscious part of that organ, causing him to apprehend his danger and estimate the best and quickest way of dealing with it. After that a command would have had to pass to his motor centres, and from them to the muscles necessary for the movements of the eyelids and neck. This method, would have been too long, and by the time the current had

traversed it the psychological moment would have gone by. So nature, by way of saving valuable time and minimizing risk, has devised a speedier method. The portion of the brain governing the muscles works automatically, the conscious part of the affair—the man's observation, judgment, and will—is left out, and so is achieved in the twinkling of an eye what would otherwise have taken an appreciably longer time. Actions such as these are called reflex or automatic, and few people realize that an overwhelming proportion of the movements they go through every day and hour of their lives come under this heading. The chief part of life's experience consists in learning to do things automatically which at first are accomplished only by an effort. A baby staggers across a room, its little mind intent on its own endeavor; two years later the same child walks without thinking about it. Most of us have forgotten the days when we learned to walk, but we all remember those in which we learned to ride a bicycle. It appeared an easy matter after watching experts, but on trying it for ourselves it seemed at first an impossible thing ever to acquire the necessary balance. A vast amount of concentration was required, and the whole business seemed to be hopelessly complex. Even when the balance was gained, there was the steering to be attended to; and meanwhile the learner must not forget to keep on pedalling. Yet in a surprisingly short space of time the pupil became expert, and found himself doing all these things without giving them a thought, even chatting to a fellow-rider and looking about him in the most casual manner. The movements which had needed so much attention at first became practically unconscious. The rider could now turn corners without being aware that he had moved the handle-bars or changed the poise of his body. He

soon learned to do something else too in an automatic manner, something more important than the mere act of riding. As he is going along he suddenly swerves, and it is not until he has done so that he consciously sees the obstacle which he has by this means avoided. His thoughts had been elsewhere, though his eyes were fixed on the road, and it was apart from any exercise of his own will that his arms had instinctively turned the steering-handle and his body had bent over in the right direction. Another time, as he is going round a sharp bend, he puts on the brake, and for the moment may almost wonder why he has done so until he perceives a trench in the road in front of him. Had the matter depended on his own observation and judgment he would probably have come to grief.

These automatic actions not only save time, but they are infinitely more perfect than conscious ones ever can be. A man who can walk gracefully along a road will often strut in an ungainly manner if, as a late-comer, he has to make his way to the front of a concert hall. Every cyclist knows that in the days of his learning, when he strained his utmost to avoid obstacles, the result was that he ran into them as a rule. A child will stand erect without any thought of maintaining its balance so long as its attention is otherwise occupied; but if you tell it to stand perfectly still, the chances are that it will sway about in the effort to remain motionless. These are only a few of the many automatic movements which are constantly taking place. If it were not for them we should have little time to attend to other matters. Like the learner of the bicycle, we should make little progress and get scant enjoyment out of life if we had to fix our mind on all our actions.

However, there is another aspect vastly more important than either of

these. Work and happiness are not the only elements in our existence. The body must be protected against all hazards which are continually threatening life and limb, and it is here that automatic movements are of such supreme value. For the instinct of self-defence is ever alert, even when the individual himself is careless or preoccupied. A person who is asleep will shrink away if a hand be placed on his face, and may even do so without waking up.

It is in connection with self-defence that the saving of time is essential to the last degree, for the question is one of moments, even of fractions of a moment, we might say. The rapidity of reflex acts is proved by a machine for testing the speed of movements. Tell a man to pull his hand away as quickly as possible at a given signal, and after that make him put his hand into a hole where an animal lies hidden. This time, with the shock of surprise, he will click his arm back the moment he feels the touch of the fur, and will perform this movement in half the time that he took when doing it deliberately.

The most significant part of this arrangement is the fact that the more important an organ is the more rapid is this reflex action. Of all the senses, eyesight is the most precious, and the loss of it is irreparable. Therefore the eyelids are gifted with a speed of motion unequalled elsewhere in the body. The expression "the twinkling of an eye" is proof that this fact has been well known for many centuries. It happens not uncommonly that people suddenly blink without knowing why. The next moment they are removing a fly or a midge from their eyelashes. They had not consciously seen the insect, but they had really done so, and had instinctively closed their eyes to keep out the intruder. So instinctive is this movement that few persons can

keep their eyes open if a hand other than their own 'is passed quickly in front of the face.

Another movement, perhaps the next most rapid in the body, is the contraction of the muscles to ward off a threatened blow. Here, again, the more vital the part the greater is the speed and the more complete the movement. An unexpected blow on the arm will cause a contraction, but not nearly to the same extent as a punch on the chest or abdomen, where the consequences would be more disastrous. In the latter case the hard pad of contracted muscle forms an effective buffer, which robs the blow of much of its sting.

The body is built, too, in such a way as to lend itself to self-defence. The heart is protected by the bony structure of the chest. The abdomen, where a kick or blow would be more dangerous owing to the absence of ribs, is guarded by one of the strongest masses of muscle in the body. When these muscles contract they not only form a dense pad, which is a protection in itself, but also draw the abdominal wall backward out of the way of harm.

The brain and spinal cord, which regulate the various movements as well as the vital processes of the human system, are guarded by bone which is of the densest nature. The configuration of the skull is a shield in itself. A blow which would smash an arm or leg bone to splinters may glance off the head with little more than a bruise or cut.

The orbits are so shaped that a direct blow on the eyeball is almost an impossibility. You have only to look at a face sideways to see how deeply the eyes lie behind the upper edge of the cheek and the lower margin of the forehead. Nothing but a pointed instrument can enter the gap and so injure the eyeball; and cases where this occur are extremely rare, for the sim-

ple reason that reflex movements again come to our aid. Whether the object is aimed at the eye, or the eye approaches the object—as when a child falls on a spike or a grown-up person jerks his head toward the end of a sharp-pointed twig—the face is instinctively turned aside, so that the cheek, the nose, or the forehead receives the cut, instead of the all-important organs of vision.

When a foreign body, such as a needle, has entered any part of the flesh, nature deals with it in such a way as to render its presence as harmless as possible. For all such objects, especially if they are sharp-pointed—which is usually the case, as otherwise they would not have penetrated the skin—tend to work outward. A needle which has become embedded in a thick mass of muscle, such as that on the abdomen or the back, will gradually make its way to the surface. One which has entered a limb will travel by degrees in the direction of the hands or feet rather than toward the trunk, where its presence would be fraught with infinitely more risk. In one case a needle took six years to work its way from the shoulder to the tip of the thumb, whence it was finally extracted.

The place of pain in the human economy has exercised the minds of philosophers for many years. Yet pain is man's chief source of self-defence. A grit in the eye would probably be left until it had set up ulceration and endangered the eyesight, did not the suffering render its presence intolerable. The pain of pleurisy keeps the affected side of the chest at rest; that of peritonitis secures that quiescence which is of all things essential to the treatment of the underlying complaint. The pain of a broken bone has saved many a simple fracture from becoming compound; a jerk or a struggle would have done the mischief had not the agony of movement prevented it. Pain and rest,

dissimilar and irreconcilable as they may seem at first sight, are oftentimes found to be working hand-in-hand for the welfare of the individual.

Not all involuntary actions are the result of practice, the method by which walking, running, jumping, and many others are acquired. Other movements necessary for self-preservation are inherited. If it were not so few infants would survive many days. The newborn child has not learnt to ward off blows or shrink back at the approach of danger, but it is seldom that such movements are required in the case of the helpless little beings. Yet there are certain other risks which it runs, even from the moment of birth. Mucous may collect in its throat, threatening to choke it, and likely to do so were the child not provided with reflex actions which come to its assistance. Coughing, sneezing, sucking, and swallowing are instinctive from the first. Of these, swallowing is the most remarkable. If it were not for a certain reflex movement which takes place every time we swallow, food or liquid would find its way into the larynx, seeing that they must pass over the top of this organ. The consequences of such an accident might be disastrous to the last extreme. To avoid this, the upper opening of the larynx is provided with a hinged lid, which opens to admit air at each act of respiration, and must be closed securely during each act of swallowing; and this mechanical movement is a part of our organization as much as the action of the heart and lungs. So far from being learnt by practice, matters are so arranged that the same movements which pass the food down the throat, automatically close the lid at the same time, shutting the door against all unwelcome intruders.

Furthermore, the throat itself has the power of preventing undesirable material from getting as far as this.

It is well known that some people are poisoned, more or less, by articles which are pleasant and nutritious to others. Cheese, eggs, and shellfish are examples of this, and as a rule people subject to such idiosyncrasies have a corresponding dislike to these articles; if they try to swallow them the throat instinctively closes in a spasmodic manner, and deglutition becomes almost an impossibility. Even if the distasteful food be forced down by an effort of will, the stomach has also the power of dealing with it, as it has with all other undesirables. The latter may manage to get past the outer gates and their adjacent side-turning into the larynx, and yet find themselves turned back when they reach the end of the street. It is one of our inherited modes of self-defence that poisonous matter which has reached the stomach almost invariably sets up the act of vomiting.

In all these various ways Nature is ever on her guard to protect human beings from the constantly recurring risks to which they are liable. There is, however, another phase of self-defence even more wonderful than any of those we have described, another method alongside which these others seem almost commonplace. For it is not accident alone against which provision has to be made, but an enemy whose strength lies in its very minuteness, an enemy so small that it needs a high-powered microscope to demonstrate its existence. Place a microbe or bacillus under a strong lens side by side with a speck of dust, and the latter looks like a mountain in comparison. The eye may close to keep out the smallest piece of grit, but there is no sense acute enough to detect a microbe which has found its way into the throat. That being so, it would seem at first glance as though the human system were helpless against the onset of these invisible, hidden foes. Far

from it. The human body does not depend solely on the efficiency of the guards at the gates, but has the power of dealing with the enemy that has penetrated to the interior of the citadel. A germ which has succeeded in establishing itself in the tissues of the fauces has more to contend with before it can fulfil its evil designs. There are substances circulating in the blood whose function it is to render such germs inert. Were it not so, the world would be swept from end to end by ravaging epidemics. This property is known as the "resisting power," and it is because of it that many people escape infection, even when brought into close contact with it. Several members of a family may have influenza, while others get off scot-free simply because the latter have greater resistance. It is on this quality that human beings must rely in order to secure immunity from disease, rather than on any attempt to elude the germs, for that is an impossibility. Every one who

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travels by rail or mixes with other people, either in the way of work or socially, is bound to encounter microbes, such as those of fevers, tubercle, or influenza, most ubiquitous of all. Safety does not lie in giving germs a wide berth so much as in attacking them by that strange, mysterious influence with which human beings are invested, and by means of which these pernicious foes are rendered innocuous. This faculty ebbs and flows, and it may be stated that as a rule it varies with the health of the individual. It follows, therefore, that the most effective way by which people can render themselves proof against disease is by keeping the general standard of health at as high a level as possible. In this way, by an abundant supply of fresh air, a sufficiency of exercise and rest, and by discrimination in regard to diet, man can increase his own resisting power, and so aid Nature in her most amazing, most ingenious method of self-defence.

FOLK-SONG IN THE SOUTH.*

"Everyman" had a happy thought when the notion occurred to him of reprinting in his library the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco's "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs." Since the book was first published—close on thirty years ago—a good deal has happened in our knowledge of balladry; notably, of course, the vast labors of Professor Child. Some of the things which surprised her have become familiar to us nowadays, though not, let us hope, commonplace; some of her conclusions

need filling out, and some correcting.

Indeed, if the book had been now first published, "The Study of Folk-Songs" would have been hardly the title for it. It makes very little of the problems which we have come to think of as inextricable from the serious discussion of the matter. What folk-songs are like, where and for whom and in what style they flourish—such were her subjects. Elementary, perhaps, they seem now, redeemed chiefly by her singular charm of mind and wealth of appropriate experience. Whether, for the origin of folk-song, we should go back to the pre-Adamites, or merely to the Crusades; whether, in the beginning of ballads which etymology reveals, but only half reveals,

* "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs." By the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco. (Everyman's Library. Dent, ls. net.)

"Folk Ballads of Southern Europe." Translated into English Verse by Sophie Jewett. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s. net.)

"Florilegio di Canti Toscani: Folk Songs of the Tuscan Hills." With English Renderings by Grace Warrack. (Moring. 10s. 6d. net.)

the song came out of the dance, or the dance came out of the song; whether, when those primitive bands of cheerful peasants were effecting the mysterious process of "communal composition," they all spoke at once, or one at a time, and, if it was the latter, who began, and why he began, and how the result came to survive that momentary social rapture—these are niceties which the Countess Martinengo leaves pretty well alone. Her book might more justly be called "Essays in the Enjoyment of Folk-Song"; and that is why its republication now is to be welcomed.

I.

The most of what has been written lately on folk-songs has seemed rather to assume that the most important thing to do with them should be to decide on one side or another of the baffling psychological and anthropological problems they suggest. It was inevitable, and no doubt desirable, that the study of ballads should pass through this stage. But it is time we were through it at last; the problems are far, and very far, from being settled, but they must no longer take the place of æsthetic enjoyment as the prime motive of this study. The partial eclipse of this motive has already lost us some of our bearings. To treat all ballads as equal in problematic interest suggests the feeling that they are all equal in artistic value; hence the assumption that the quality of poetic inspiration is practically uniform throughout all balladry; and hence, again, the chimera of "communal composition" formidably brooding and presiding over the whole study. But if you will read ballads with the purpose simply of enjoying them, you cannot but perceive immense differences in quality of inspiration. The question is not of differences in theme or mood or environment; to candid apprecia-

tion it presents itself merely as the difference between the work of good poets and the work of bad poets. And at that the brooding chimera instantly vanishes, leaving, however, most of the problems it shadowed still unsolved.

Mere artistic enjoyment must anyhow, sooner or later, have come in to take once more chief control of the business. It is for that, after all, that the ballads exist. Both the late Miss Jewett's collection of Southern ballads and Miss Warrack's "florilegio" of *rispetti* and *stornelli* from Tuscany are evidently prompted by eager delight in folk-song as poetry first and anything else a long way second. But the revived spirit of studying ballads by first of all enjoying them—the spirit of Percy and Scott—which these two books attractively exemplify, could not be more certainly invigorated than by the Countess Martinengo's Essays. Her study was to infect her readers with a strong sense of her own delighted experiences in a particular kind of poetry; this is what binds together her discussion—description, rather—of Venetian, Sicilian, Calabrian, Provençal, and Armenian folk-song; and even her accounts of beliefs and ideas in the ballads—death, fate, nature, May-rites, and so on—are properly a congregation of associated pleasures. All this, we repeat, is to be specially welcomed nowadays. Still, it cannot be denied that the ballad is a form of poetry which, more than any other, requires for complete appreciation some understanding of its *milieu*. There are glories among the ballads—such as the Scottish "Edward, Edward," or the Piedmontese "Donna Lombarda" (included in Miss Jewett's collection)—which may stand securely on their sheer poetic power. It is impossible to resist the terse, grim dialogue, when Donna Lombarda offers her husband the poisoned cup:

"I have so great thirst, Donna Lombarda,
Give me to drink, give me to drink."

"What hast thou done, Donna Lombarda;
The wind is beclouded, what dost thou think?"

"There came in the sea-wind last night
at sunset;
It clouded the wine, it clouded the wine."

"Drink with me then, Donna Lombarda,
Drink from the one cup, thy lips with mine!"

"Why should I drink, who come not
from hunting?
Why should I drink, who am not
athirst?"

"Nay thou shalt drink, Donna Lombarda;
At the point of my dagger thou shalt
drink first."

Miss Jewett's version gives a good deal of the ballad's effect, though she could not help being a little more wordy, but it would need genius to reproduce the phrasing of the Piedmontese original, as bare and keen as the husband's dagger. Even with such poems as these, however, enjoyment would be fuller if, while we read them, our minds were in tolerable sympathy with the immediate purpose and condition of their composition: if, for example, we could realize the peculiar thrill of horror those many ballads of domestic crime must have originally given—mothers tempting sons to kill fathers, or sweethearts, and so on—by reason of the depth and intensity of family feeling in the folk. And (not considering the ballads which are merely bad and weakly specimens) there are plenty of others which can scarcely be enjoyed at all unless we have that sympathy. The great majority of ballads come in between these two extremes. Some kind of enjoyment of them is possible if we read

them as we read, say, "Lycidas"—content with their face value. It may never approach the enjoyment that "Edward, Edward" can give us, but it will be enormously increased if we can see something of what is specially meant to those for whom it was composed.

II.

First, and most obviously, the ballads suggest race and place; and an important fraction of their value goes by us if we cannot capture and define the suggestion. With most of our own ballads there is, perhaps, no great difficulty here. But when we listen to the accents of balladry from the South we shall be very well advised if we accept the help of the Countess Martinengo; for, next to her infectious enjoyment, the *placing* of ballads is the chief thing her book does. With a treasury of learning to draw on, with insight singularly fine, and a sound intuitive comprehension of peasant (or pagan) ideas, her records of travel in search of folk-song can put us in close touch with the people for whom and by whom ballads exist. And how much more, for instance, will a ballad from Calabria or Sicily mean to us, when we can recognize some gleam in it as a broken fragment of the light of Greece, still lingering among men's lives. But more than this is needed if we are to make the most of ballads. We must be ready with the right spirit in which to approach them. It has often been suggested that we should go to the ballads with a sort of indulgent pity in our minds, remembering that they are poetry of a peculiarly "artless" kind. But the truth is that ballads are a highly specialized kind of poetic art; and it is because they are so highly specialized that appreciation is seriously risked when we ignore the *milieu* responsible for this fact.

The *milieu* is, roughly, the antithesis of culture; and nothing has done more

harm to the study of ballads than the disastrous confusion of art with culture. Only a pedant in a library could believe roundly in "communal composition"; but it is all too easy to believe that art depends on culture, for the simple reason that the art which means most to civilization is, by necessity, cultured. But art, of one kind or another, is a property of human existence. Culture, however, strictly understood (excluding, for instance, such self-contradictory usage as in phrases like "primitive culture"), is, counting heads, an exceptional kind of human existence. And what exactly is culture? It is, says Mr. Stuart-Glennie (and it is difficult to disagree with him), "the conscious use of means for the increase of powers"; and one of such means, and a chief one, is evidently writing, and all that writing does. The state in which folk-song exists is, then, the opposite of this; and the best name for the state opposed to culture is paganism, so long as by paganism we do not merely mean relics of Greek and Roman religion. Paganism is unprogressive humanity—the statics of human energy. By definition, progress is the property of culture, which is the dynamics of human energy; when paganism begins to progress, it is no longer paganism: culture has laid hold of it. There may be many different brands of culture; they may succeed and displace each other; but, always perfectly contrasting with culture and always the necessary foundation under it, is, or has been originally, paganism. And in essentials the paganism of to-day or yesterday is what it was thousands of years ago, though it may be marked by some impress of the cultures that have been founded on it and have successively ruined down on it. In the South of Italy, "it is very unfortunate to be born when there is no moon." The Countess Martinengo explains this by adding,

"anciently the moon was taken as symbol both of Fortune and of Hecate, goddess of Magic." More probably, the belief takes us back to the feeling, immeasurably ancient, out of which culture made Lucina; culture's goddess has vanished, paganism's feeling remains. Is it not plainly safer for a child to be born, and for a mother to bear, on a night of whiteness and brightness than on a night of darkness? And the power which can make the nights bright becomes the power (for a few years the goddess) favorable to child-birth. It is advisable for ballad-readers to remember that such notions as "god," "goddess," and even "spirit," are entirely foreign to paganism; they belong to culture and progress. Paganism is still ruled by a certain complex hierarchy of ideas, which have left, and are not easy to be grasped by, the mind of culture.

Wherever there is paganism there is, in the true sense of it, folk-song; and at the back of all folk-song are practically the same ideas. Once learn to feel, however dimly and fancifully, "objects as responsively sentient powers," "the solidarity of objects through mutual influences," "the unlimited transformative power of objects," and the rest of the folk ideas and much that seems idle and valueless in ballads will take on a strange air of significance and excitement, seemingly shapeless processes of thought will turn into peculiar and inevitable logic. That is one of the disciplines needed, not only for scientific understanding, but for complete aesthetic appreciation of folk-song, and especially for the folk-song of Southern Europe.

It is not easy. But perhaps even more productive of misunderstanding than the material paganism supplies to folk-song is the condition paganism imposes on the art of folk-song. Culture must always find it extremely dif-

difficult to realize how firmly the tradition and etiquette of balladry enclose the mind of the ballad-maker, with what unquestioning simplicity he accepts the strict command of tradition and etiquette. Departure from tradition is, in fact, impossible in folk-song; for departure from tradition belongs exclusively to culture. All sorts of moods may inspire the singer, but they must all have the same sort of expression. How close and unvarying the traditional etiquette of folk-song is may be agreeably realized by an English reader in Miss Grace Warrack's bulky collection of Tuscan peasant poetry. Of the *stornelli* the most familiar kind opens with a flower's name:—

Fior d' amarantho!

Mi son sognato non m' amavi punto:
Quando mi son svegliato aveva pianto.

Is it not charming? It is not quite so charming in Miss Warrack's version:

Amaranth-flower!

I dreamt thou didst not love me any
more:

When I awakened, then I wept full
sore.

But in truth the delicate fragrance of such poetry will not bear transfusion into another language; and this delicate fragrance is all the poetry is. Hundreds and hundreds of these *stornelli* have been lovingly recorded. The manner of the even more numerous *rispetti* is just as unaltering from singer to singer, from mood to mood. Here is a typical effect:—

Ed un bel modo e una maniera avete,
Padrona del mio cuor sempre sarete:
Ed un bel modo e una maniera hai,
Padrona del mio cuor sempre sarai.

Technique could scarcely be more naive; but to desire a more elaborate technique would never occur to the singer. Sir John Mandeville has a pleasant account of a tribe which lived on the smell of wild apples. One's poetic appetite needs to be similarly

insubstantial to fare happily among these Tuscan songs for any length of time.

III.

But the point is, that anyone born into this tradition can be a poet, as far as the tradition will take him. Most of these songs are probably improvised; they are at any rate not the work of professional singers. Is, then, the tradition, however it arose, enough to account for folk-song? If so, "communal composition" of this kind might have some credible meaning, though most of the theorists who uphold it mean something much more miraculous. But when, for example, Child says of ballads in general that "the author counts for nothing," he may mean no more than that the author is a mere mouth-piece for tradition. Decidedly, however, this is not enough by itself to account for the whole of balladry. Folk-song is not all the smell of wild apples; and when it is more than that, as in the ballads it often is, it is the work, evidently enough, of individual talents, of a mind unusually endowed working in and transfiguring the tradition. Whose were those talents? The minstrel has been somewhat discredited lately, but on insufficient evidence. Sometimes, no doubt, the maker of ballads might be a peasant whose normal occupations were the same as his fellows'. But, for the general rule, probability seems on the side of the minstrel, the popular purveyor of legends, history, news, good stories, jokes, and marvels, accepting without question, for every subject, old or new, the recognized etiquette of a traditional art. He was, most likely, the distributor and translator of ballads as often as their creator. The results, existing unexplained, are often surprising; no wonder the phantasm of "communal composition" has been invoked to explain them. A reader acquainted with the fine English ballad of "Lord Randal"

cannot but be astonished when, for the first time, he comes across the identical ballad in Piedmontese, with every sign of great antiquity there; he might find it, with an able translation, in Miss Jewett's useful collection. It is not simply that the story is the same; the whole shape and machinery of the story is the same, down to the peculiar effectiveness in the arrangement and language of the refrains. The poem seems to have been lifted bodily from one tongue to the other; yet both in England and in Piedmont it is plainly a genuine growth of folk-song, by no means a relic of culture-poetry. How explain this? Has the poem flowed through countless independent channels from a pre-Adamite beginning? Or did it arise by independent "communal composition"?

The minstrel dispenses with the need for these extravagances. We know that France was a great distributing agency for ballads; we may guess that minstrels were always looking to add to their stock, and bilingual minstrels do not seriously tax belief. There would be no need to alter the shape of a ballad in putting it from one tongue into another; there would be every conceivable reason for keeping the shape unaltered. The minstrel is surely the only person who fits in with such ballad distribution as that of "Lord Randal" and "L'Avellenato"—the minstrel whose business it is to make the most of ballad tradition without ever thinking of violating it. In most versions of this particular ballad there comes at the end a series of bequests. The same device occurs also in other ballads—in "Edward, Edward," for instance; beyond this, the only similarity is the narration of a crime. Some day a ritual origin may be found for this regular form; at present we need only see in it another instance of the closeness of folk-song tradition. A telling device that has once been used

will be used again and again for appropriate themes. It may have been an integral part of the story of one crime, but it will be folsted into the stories of many other crimes. There is no need to disbelieve in the original reality of the crimes described by ballads; all we have to remember is the insistence of tradition on the telling of the tale.

IV.

Once a ballad has been composed, the evidence available tells us what we should expect; popular repetition shows a constant tendency to damage its poetic value. But it is due to the closeness of the tradition that a ballad may be preserved by ages of repetition without being badly spoilt. When, however, culture begins to penetrate paganism, and not merely to graze it, the tradition sickens at once; and thus it is that the pleasant romance of "Young Bicham" becomes the ludicrous "Lord Bateman": another case of the ballad-monger as journalist, since Bicham is certainly Gilbert Beckett pursued by his Saracen sweetheart, but fitted into a conventional narrative. The business of the minstrel persists long after his safety, the controlling tradition, falls him; he helps popular repetition to spoil the old ballads, and he brings the whole activity into contempt by composing degraded new ones. Scotland has often vaunted the superiority of its ballads over those of England; it means simply that Scotland was less affected by culture than England. But both England and Scotland have long since gone past the stage even of the making of degraded ballads. That is why it is, for us, so peculiarly fascinating to take up such a book as Miss Jewett's "Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe"; for its material is derived from lands where paganism is still intact and creative. "Put yourself in the folk's place" is the rule for the complete enjoyment of ballads which, once

learnt for any kind of folk-song, will serve for any other kind. If you have improved appreciation by sympathetic study of the subtleties in the traditional forms which our ballads show, and the way a first-rate ballad-maker uses these subtleties, you will find almost identical subtleties awaiting your enjoyment in the ballads of the South. But there are novelties in the substance. We shall miss some things, especially such magic as the famous

The cock doth crow, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide.

On the other hand, we sometimes find a tragic conception of life that is much grander and clearer than anything we can show. Primitive metaphysics live in astonishing images. Death makes an unforgettable appearance in a Calabrian song mentioned by the Countess Martingo:—

Joy, I saw death; Joy, I saw her yesterday; I beheld her in a narrow way, like unto a great greyhound. . . .

Even more striking is the vision of personal fortune or fate found in songs from the same country:—

I saw my Fortune midst the sounding sea

Sit weeping on a rocky height and steep;

Said I to her, "Fortune, how is't with thee?"

"I cannot help thee, child" (so answered she).

"I cannot help thee more—so must I weep."

The Times.

Culture has translated that, but not seriously vitiated it. In face of such conceptions, and of touches like the end of the modern Greek ballad, "The Voice from Underground," in Miss Jewett's collection, where the tomb speaks to the young man treading on it:—

Perhaps I was not young, I too! Was I not brave?

Have I not walked, I too, by night under the moon?—

a touch that seems to take us straight back to the Anthology—the question must occur, how far the existing paganism of Southern Europe has been affected by antique culture. It is an immensely difficult question, for the true form of it must always be—are these ideas and feelings fragments of ruined culture absorbed by paganism, or are they the still living material out of which the vanished culture was made? In any case the essential sameness of paganism is rather emphasized by these differences; for whether the vision be of "mirk, mirk night and nae stern light," or of "my fortune midst the sounding sea," the art which holds the substance is specialized to identical needs, to the mentality of paganism. And when the theme is of sheer human drama, as in "Edward, Edward," or the thrilling "Donna Lombarda," we find the same tragic sense of life—the sense of infatuated sin and inevitable retribution—ruling the heart of paganism in the North as in the South.

THE WAY OF THE LEGION.

For me, the whole world—my sight, my life, every energy of my being—was centred on the slight crease in Duroc's shirt, just a little above the hip, where the deep chest arched downwards to the waist.

Then, as the interminable seconds dragged on, I became conscious that

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I was listening, listening intently, for the "One! Two! Three!"—the simple, deadly signal that was to sound the knell of one life—mine—perchance of two.

A light air trembled across the glade with a sense of sound on its wings. I felt—I knew, that some one was about

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to speak. My hand tightened on my pistol-butt, my eyes riveted themselves with fiercer attention on the crease.

"Well, gentlemen!"

The voice was unrefined, uncultivated, yet commanding, and withal full of quiet dignity. I saw a dark red flush spread upwards over the tan of Duroc's face, and slowly recede. His hand was hanging empty and nerveless by his side. His pistol had fallen to the ground.

I turned my eyes from him to the direction from which the voice came, and my heart quailed as I saw what I knew I must see, the face of Lefèvre.

I confess it! My heart quailed. I have faced time and again the prospect of battle, not only without apprehension, but with elation. I have charged with exultation in the teeth of a storm of bullets, but the prospect of being shot like a dog and buried like a dog chilled me to the blood in my veins.

There had been duels, a score and more, in our heterogeneous army, between us true Frenchmen and our conscript allies, and so embittered had our feelings become as seriously to endanger the discipline and cohesion of the troops in the field. Two days previously Lefèvre had published a General Order to the effect that, in the event of another duel, not only the principals, but all connected with it, were to be shot out of hand on conviction by drumhead court-martial, and Lefèvre was the man to see the order executed to the letter.

Before a court-martial we might have had a chance—our judges would have been in sympathy with us; but here we were, caught and convicted by the General himself, a stern man at all times, and now, as our sinking hearts told us, all his natural hardness made savage by his reverses at the hands of the Tyrolese.

Presently he spoke again.

"And so, gentlemen, this is how you fight the enemies of the Emperor! This is how you obey my orders!" He paused a moment, and then, as no one spoke, commanded: "Follow me!"

And without another glance he turned and walked slowly away, with bent head, in the direction of the camp.

We were six men, all, except the surgeon, with weapons ready to our hands, six men going to our death, and the General, sole witness and judge, was walking, his back towards us, within ten paces of the nearest, unarmed save for a riding-whip. No one else was at hand, the trees around the glade were thick, the camp was distant: one bullet—the stray shot of a Tyrolese rifleman would account for it—and six lives would be saved at the cost of one. Yet we followed him, in the bright morning sunlight, through the valley of the shadow without one of us lifting a hand.

We walked on in gloomy silence till the trees grew thinner, and the hum of the camp more distinct. All at once the General turned on us, and there was a not unkindly smile on his lips.

"Well," he said, in his abrupt manner, "so none of you have thought of putting a bullet into me?"

I felt the blood rush to my face, and I cast a glance at Duroc. He was scarlet. Lefèvre smiled again and his eyes softened.

"Well, well, well! You have, then! And yet you would not take your General's life to save your own. Ah, well! you are gallant gentlemen!"

He paused, and his brow darkened. For a moment and more he stood impatiently striking his boot with his whip; then—"Come, Major le Boulard," he said sharply. "You were to have given the signal. Tell me all about this affair. You have been concerned in most of the recent duels, I hear!"

Le Boulard endeavored to steady his shaking limbs and trembling voice.

"Not as principal, General," he began.

"I know that," snapped Lefèvre, scornfully. Le Boulard was a coward, and a carrion bird—one who delighted to arrange duels, ay, and to bring them about. It was, perhaps, fortunate for our commander that fear had deprived Le Boulard of the recollection that he carried a pistol.

"Well, General," he resumed, "it was only yesterday morning, when the attack on that hill on the left flank failed and a retrograde movement became necessary—"

"When we were beaten and had to run," interrupted Lefèvre, sternly. "Go on."

Le Boulard was disconcerted. He lived on flattery, and could not understand.

"When we were beaten, and had to run," he continued, nervously. "It would seem that M. Leval here" (indicating me) "was first out of reach of the Tyrolese bullets, and that M. Duroc made some remarks on the subject which gave offence to M. Leval."

"That is not quite fair, General," interposed Duroc. "Major le Boulard has omitted to say that M. Leval is a native of the south, where the country is mountainous, and that consequently he can run on ground where I could only scramble."

I looked at Duroc in pleased surprise. This was the man who had called me coward.

"We were heated and disappointed, and angry at defeat," resumed Duroc, "and we quarrelled. That is all."

"Why, that is very well said," exclaimed the General, "and it should be all. What say you, M. Leval?"

My impulse was to stretch out my hand to Duroc, but, as I moved, I surprised a sneer on Le Boulard's lips. I knew well that he would devise some venomous story, discreditable to me, unless I protected myself, and then

shelter himself from the consequences behind the General Order.

"Indeed, yes," I said heartily, "only as M. Duroc made his accusation of cowardice before the officers of the regiment, I am sure he will have no hesitation in withdrawing it in their presence. Then I shall be more than satisfied."

I spoke with an honest desire for reconciliation, but Duroc misinterpreted my meaning. The generous impulse of his heart was chilled, and his hot temper took fire on the moment.

"And in reply," he said, "M. Leval was good enough to strike me"—he touched a slight discoloration on his cheek. "If, when I have withdrawn the charge of cowardice, he will allow me to place a similar mark on his face in the presence of our mess, I shall be more than satisfied."

Lefèvre turned on him like a lion. Then, mastering himself with that iron will of his, so steadfast under trial, he spoke, and his voice was gentler than usual.

"Why, that is very ill said, M. Duroc. And now I am going to ask you three questions. Supposing that you had been as skilled a mountaineer as M. Leval, would you have lingered behind, or would you not have been side by side with him?"

Duroc hung his head.

"And, of course, you were the challenged party, and had the choice of weapons?"

Duroc's eyes flashed, but he contented himself with bowing. His face was very white.

"Then does it not seem to you rather strange," continued the General, in the same even voice, "that one who has the reputation of being the best pistol-shot in the army and who selected pistols should be so glib with a charge of cowardice?"

"Your pardon, General," I interrupted hastily, "that question was

brought up by M. Duroc himself. Unfortunately, my repute as a swordsman is scarcely inferior to his as a shot. Eventually the matter of weapons was settled by cutting cards."

Lefèvre smiled, well pleased.

"Brave boys! Brave boys!" he said, and laughed as he spoke; then continued musingly: "After all, there has been no actual duel and you might have taken my life and did not. Yes, yes. You shall have a chance, though, mind, only a bare chance."

He stopped, and commenced tapping his boot again.

"Yes," he resumed, "that will do. I shall call for volunteers for a forlorn hope to-day, and shall require a leader—"

I made an eager movement, and Duroc and our seconds stepped forward simultaneously. Lefèvre checked us with his hand.

"Nay," he said, "that honor," and there was grating sarcasm in his voice, "shall be the senior officer's. Major le Boulard, you will proceed to my quarters and await me there."

The Major saluted with an ashen face. The General had spoken his death-warrant, and they both knew it.

"For you," continued Lefèvre, as soon as the Major was out of earshot—"for you who are seconds, and you, doctor, this time you go free, but take care, take care!—for the next time I will make you as that man, without even the chance he has. Now go!"

In a few seconds we were alone with the General. He turned from watching the others, and his expression was almost kindly.

"As for you young fire-eaters, I suppose you will be at each other's throats as soon as my back is turned; if not to-day, to-morrow or next day? I thought so." He had read our faces.

"Well, you shall have your wish, and a chance—a bare chance of your lives."

He folded his arms and looked up-

wards with a singular smile on his lips—upwards over our heads, over the dark pine-trees, up to where the gaunt dolomite crags were peering through the morning mists.

"La Bayonnette," he muttered. "Yes! That will do! My orders will be brought to you within an hour. You will await them at your mess-tent. You are the senior officer, I think, M. Leval?"

With a curt gesture he dismissed us, and turned away. We watched him till he was out of sight. Duroc touched my arm.

"Well," he said, and there was no trace of anger or even ill-feeling in his voice, "shall we settle now? There are no seconds, it is true—"

I shook my head.

"No," I replied. "Not that it makes much difference to me, but you would be hanged for a certainty, and, personally, I should prefer to be shot."

"That's true," grumbled Duroc. "You're a good fellow, Leval. It is a pity we can't make this up?" He looked at me inquiringly. He knew the answer I must give.

It was singular, that situation. We had set out, he and I, that morning, intent on taking each other's lives; we were bound to meet, for the same savage purpose, by the foolish fear of being thought afraid; a sword was hanging over our heads compared with which that of Damocles, judging from the sentence passed on Le Boulard, would have been security; yet we walked back with the friendliest feelings for each other in our hearts, speculating lightly on the hazard before us.

"I wonder," said Duroc, looking up over his shoulder at the mountains, "what the deuce he meant by La Bayonnette."

I could not conjecture. La Bayonnette, we knew well enough—it had been a thorn in our side these ten

days past, a curtain of rock, falling almost sheer on either side, and tapering away to a knife-edge at the summit. It had been christened "La Bayonnette" by the soldiers, from a prominent pinnacle that protruded from the jagged summit.

It was not, however, its fantastic appearance, but its strategical value that had gained La Bayonnette its notoriety. It connected two sheer dolomite mountains, inaccessible for our troops, but not, unfortunately, for Tyrolese chamois-hunters; and on the other side, it was known, lay a deep valley where the enemy camped, unassailable. It was felt that if the ridge could be crossed, or even occupied, their position would be turned and another step forward accomplished in the formidable task Napoleon had set his lieutenant.

More than one daring party had made the attempt and abandoned it as impracticable, not without loss of life. Two brave fellows had slipped, and been dashed to pieces on the broken rocks hundreds of feet below; and ever as the baffled survivors retreated there would come from dizzy eyries on the cliffs above little puffs of smoke, the harbingers of death. A French soldier was all too easy a mark for men who could hit running chamois.

The camp was barely astir when we returned—we had set out for our meeting at break of dawn—and the mess-tent was empty, to our relief, as we were thereby saved embarrassing questions. We collected such breakfast as we might, with the aid of a sleepy mess-sergeant.

"I will undertake," remarked Duroc, as we settled ourselves to our meal, "that the General has not been in bed. He has something on hand."

"Yes. And we have been made part of that something," I assented; and from that moment no word was interchanged. We were both thinking.

In less than half an hour, an or-

derly arrived with a message for me.

I took Duroc by the arm, and we read it together.

"On receipt of this, you and M. Duroc will proceed to opposite ends of La Bayonnette, which you will at once endeavor to cross. The selection of the points of starting you will arrange between yourselves. You will both take with you the pistols you had this morning. Thus your mountaineering ability should equalize M. Duroc's skill as a pistol-shot, and *vice versa*. You may also be able to satisfy your conceptions of honor. You will each be accompanied by an escort of the Fifth Tirailleurs, whom you will find waiting. The escorts will remain within easy range of either extremity of La Bayonnette, under cover, and as far as possible in safety. In the event of either you or M. Duroc attempting to return by the end of La Bayonnette from which you set out, the escort have orders to shoot you down."

Duroc took the paper from my hand, and read it again, word by word. Then once again. Then he laughed, very bitterly.

"There are more ways of killing a dog than hanging," he commented. "He knows I shall break my neck for a certainty on those infernal rocks."

"Nonsense," I replied, angrily. I was so irritated by the sarcasm of the letter, of the implicit rebuke, that the hopelessness of the bare chance promised escaped me. "Nonsense! All you need do is to wait quietly somewhere near your end of the ridge, and then, as soon as I am within range—if"—I broke off dubiously—"I ever get so far."

"With the subsequent alternative of going forward to certain death, or going back and being shot on sight by my own escort."

His temper flashed out and mine responded, touched by fire. The mess-sergeant stepped forward to interpose. Then the grisly humor of the situation broke in on me.

"Anyhow," I laughed, "as the chances are we shall be picked off by those Tyrolese rats before we have gone a hundred feet, why should we quarrel?"

The anger left Duroc's face. He paused, looking down and frowning, one hand on his sword-hilt, the other laid hard on his mouth.

"Yes, yes," he said, after a while, "it is so. It must be so. Just as we both thought. Lefèvre is planning some *coup*, some *coup de théâtre*, and we are the dress rehearsal. Don't you see, man, that he wants to ascertain whether La Bayonnette is militarily practicable—and we—we are to ring up the curtain!"

"Yes," I assented. "But admitting all that," I hesitated, "even admitting that, I suppose that when we meet—if we meet, we must fire?"

"I suppose we must," he replied reluctantly. "And now it only remains for us to select our positions. What shall it be? Cards?"

I nodded. The mess-sergeant brought a pack.

"Highest takes the left, lowest the right?" I asked.

"So be it."

I cut a seven, Duroc a three, and without further word we left the tent.

On either side of the entrance were standing a corporal and a file of men. The corporals, with a salute, repeated their orders to Duroc and myself. Their purport was identical with that of the General's note, with the significant addition that the escort was forbidden to address, answer, or hold any communication whatsoever with the officer under its charge. Duroc shrugged his shoulders.

We set out at a rapid pace. Duroc was silent, save for an occasional exclamation of dissatisfaction. From time to time I glanced back at the escorts, old soldiers all. They were swinging along as nonchalantly as if

the fact that before many hours had passed they might become our executioners, or that their station was to be within perilous range of the deadly Tyrolese rifles, was of no moment.

For me, I found myself thinking of anything but the business in hand—and wondering at doing so.

At length we came to the parting of the ways. The station that had fallen to me, though more remote from the camp, was nearer to where we stood and easier of access. I turned to Duroc and suggested that we should exchange positions. He did not heed me. He was looking back towards the camp.

"I told you so," he said. "I knew there was something in the wind. Do you see those men, straggling out in ones and twos and threes? They are coming our way, and they mean something. I beg your pardon," he broke off, "you were saying—?"

I repeated my proposal. Duroc looked at me with a puzzled frown, and then cast his eyes up in the direction of La Bayonnette and scrutinized the mountain-side. As he did so, his expression changed.

"You are a good fellow," he said, "but I could not think of it. I quite see what you mean, but—well, the fortune of war, you know!"

I argued and expostulated, but he was obstinate. At length I said, more for the sake of arguing than convincing:

"But you must remember, Duroc, that it is the General's wish that our chances should be as equal as possible, and my position gives me an undue advantage."

To my surprise, he withdrew his opposition at once. He was a soldier to the tips of his fingers—obedience was a religion to him, and, moreover, he adored Lefèvre.

"All the same," he ended, "you have

paralyzed my aim. I don't see how I can shoot to hit now."

"Time enough to talk about that when we meet," I returned, rather grimly. *Au revoir.*"

We shook hands and went our ways. I proceeded leisurely. Silence was of more importance than speed. I had no intention of advertising my approach to any lurking Tyrolese. The escort followed with similar deliberation. They were from the Vosges, and not unaccustomed to mountains.

As I toiled upwards, with eyes scanning La Bayonnette, I noticed its sharp jagged outlines become first mellowed, then indistinct, till the whole savage ridge was shrouded in a graceful drapery of mist. I welcomed the friendly vapor. Its gauzy veil would afford a safe covering from the eyes of the enemy's sharp-shooters. Moreover, and this thought was dominant in my mind, it would deaden, for Duroc, the perilous fascination of the dizzy call of death. The safety of the man whose life I had sought that morning was my chiefest anxiety.

Just where the mist thinned away into the bright air, and close to the commencement of La Bayonnette, I came on a delicious spring, framed in a setting of tender verdure and harsh boulders. Here I rested whilst the escort settled themselves against the hour of my return. Then, once again, I started cautiously upwards.

A few minutes brought me to the verge of the chasm bridged by La Bayonnette. Here, to my surprise—for the mountain-side had been breathless—I found a smart breeze blowing. I cursed it impatiently, for it added seriously to the perils of crossing the ridge; yet to it I unquestionably owed my life.

Below, above, around me was mist, dancing, changing, swirling, thickening, clearing, under the sway of the blast. Before me, almost from my feet,

sprang outward the formidable crags of La Bayonnette. I braced my nerves and started on the traverse.

My journey was well-nigh over ere I had fairly started. The hilt of my sabre, catching in a projection of rock, pulled me suddenly back, and, in attempting to recover myself, the smooth leather soles of my boots slipped on the wet greasy limestone. It was only by a desperate clutch of my hands that I saved myself.

Very cautiously, with the cold perspiration running down my face, I slid back to safety, and unbuckled—my hands shook so that I twice failed—my sword-belt. Just as I was laying my weapon aside, I heard the grating sound of a nailed boot close at hand, and a voice speaking impatiently in German. The next moment a Tyrolese sharp-shooter stepped out of the mist.

Like a flash his rifle was at his shoulder, and simultaneously I thrust at him with all my might. The metal point of my scabbard—I had no time to draw the blade—took him full in the face, and, dropping his piece, he reeled backwards and disappeared. Then from far below came a dull thud, followed by a crash of falling stones, then another, then silence, save for the hooting of the wind, the friendly wind that had concealed the sound of my approach.

For a long time, a minute or even more, I stood stone-still, combating the craven instinct to escape by stealing back round the escort and re-joining, with a lie to the General that I had traversed La Bayonnette. The temptation passed and left me the stronger for its coming, and I steadied myself for the task before me.

I laid my sword aside. Then I slipped off my tunic, my shako, and my boots, and, with my pistols fastened behind me, addressed myself once more to La Bayonnette.

To my surprise, I now found the crags, that had been so desperately perilous,

relatively safe. The magnesian limestone had weathered into innumerable little ledges, projections, and pockets, affording adequate hold for my stockinged feet where my boots would have slipped hopelessly. Moreover, resting-places on broad slabs or in deep fissures occurred at frequent intervals, so that I was enabled to make progress steadily, even rapidly, and with little fatigue. The only real trouble was the wind.

Pinnacle after pinnacle, cleft after cleft, I passed. All feeling of fear, even of doubt, had vanished; my chief sensation was triumphant exhilaration that I was conquering the unconquerable. I had forgotten all about Duroc.

At length I reached La Bayonnette itself. Up from the ridge it sprang, full sixty feet, like a gigantic rusted spear-blade with edges all notched and broken, and tapering to a jagged point.

Formidable though its appearance was, it was perhaps the most easily surmountable of all the obstacles I had encountered. On the summit I rested awhile, and then for the first time I noticed that, though the mist still lay thick and heavy in the chasm between the mountains, it had thinned away almost to nothingness in the direction of the camp. Dimly I could discern the sparkle of arms and catch the distant murmur of a stirring multitude.

The hope fired up in my mind that I might yet take my place in the battle-line. Below me, on the far side, the pinnacle was gashed by a deep fissure, and down this I worked my way with cautious speed. Some ten feet above the base of La Bayonnette the cleft ended in a broad recess, from which a slab of rock dropped, almost sheer to the main ridge. I craned my head over the edge to trace out a way down, and there, right below me, was Duroc. I could have put my pistol within two feet of his head and blown his brains out.

His face was ashen; his whole body was trembling. Now and again he would steal a glance downwards to the ghastly depths the thinning mist had revealed, and then close them with a spasm. He was clinging hard to the crags, moving neither forward nor back. I dared not speak, lest my voice should startle him; so we both remained for some seconds motionless. Then, with indomitable resolution, he braced himself to the ascent of La Bayonnette.

All my triumphant pride was abashed at the sight. What was my courage to that of this man? How he had won so far, encumbered by his boots, hampered with his sword, handicapped by inexperience, tortured by dizziness, I could not guess. I could only wonder and admire.

Presently one strong brown hand and then another grasped the edge of the ledge where I was kneeling, and Duroc commenced to drag himself up. But the effort was too great. I saw the sinews stand out and swell, and then slacken. I heard him groan.

In an instant I had him firmly gripped by the wrist.

"If you go, we go together," I said.

For a few seconds the strain was terrific. Then Duroc found a slight purchase for one foot, and a quarter of a minute later he was panting on the floor of the recess.

He began to find voice—to thank me, but I cut him short by telling him what I had seen from the summit of La Bayonnette. He was alert in a moment.

"You must go back at once," he cried. "Your end of the ridge is the nearest way. Never mind me. What, man! do you think I would keep you from the fight? Go back!"

"Indeed, I will do nothing of the sort," I retorted; and then, as I noticed the obstinate setting of his lips, a happy argument came. "Besides,

comrade, I shall need you to make a truce with my escort."

"True," he assented, "I had forgotten that. Forward, then!"

Upon the words, the thunder of artillery crashed on our ears and echoed in shattering reverberations from the crags. The battle had begun.

Reckless of danger, we swung ourselves upwards till we reached the summit of La Bayonnette. From there we looked down on a magnificent spectacle. On our left all was still clouds and thick darkness; right in front the Bayonnette ridge fell away in ragged notch upon notch to a broad chaos of boulders, which formed one bastion of a deep gorge. We could look partially down into the gorge itself, the impregnable gateway to the mountains from which we had been bloodily repulsed but yesterday, and over the whole array of beetling crags that formed its further wall. But it was the scene on the right that caught and held my attention.

The whole of the country between the base of the crags and the camp was dark with our men, advancing in skirmishing order, apparently loosely, yet ready for immediate concentration, with the cavalry in observation beyond; the sombre pine-wood where Duroc and I had stood face to face was bright with the glitter of steel; and further away, opposite the opening of the ravine, gray wreaths of sulphurous mist sprang into thunderous being and canopied the earth. There the artillery, taking ground grandly by batteries, was closing in on the portal of the mountains, searching its black recesses with the tempest of iron, so that no living creature might stay therein and live. There, too, in the forefront of the fray, as was his wont, was Lefèvre.

It was a sight to stir the blood as with the call of a bugle. I turned enthusiastically to Duroc, but there was that in his face that struck the words

from my lips. He was not looking at the French, he was staring out straight ahead. His head was craned forward, his lips were contracted so that his mouth showed only as a thin line; his nostrils were distended and transparent; his brows were bent so that one could scarcely see his eyes, which glowed with feverish intensity. I caught his arm.

He turned to me, and I could feel him tremble.

"Look!" he exclaimed, in tones of horror—"look, Leval, it is a death-trap, and"—his voice shook—"we shall be too late."

Steadying himself with one hand, he pointed with the other. I half knew what I should see before my eyes confirmed the apprehensions of my brain. Along the further edge of the gorge, invisible from the plain, unscathed by the storm of shot, were posted scores of Tyrolese, rifle in hand. Ay, but even the withering accuracy of their fire would not stay, would not check, the onrush of the French. No! No! But it was not the hand of Nature that had set those boulders on the verge of the chasm, it was not the hand of Nature that had balanced those tree-trunks, backed by masses of earth and piles of stone. Let the ravine be won, and one ordered touch would send an avalanche of destruction into its depths, crushing those below into death or tortured existence, cutting off the advanced troops for the hopeless mercies of the Tyrolese, and beating back the eagles with stained crest and shattered wing.

Duroc groaned as he watched my eyes.

"We shall be too late," he repeated.

"Not if I can help it," I cried, and swung myself down the dizzy edge of La Bayonnette. It had been my resolve to stay by my comrade; but what was the life of one man to the safety of our army, of our General, to the

honor of France? Yet I hesitated. Duroc understood; the air was electric.

"Forward!" he cried; and his voice rose shrill and piercing above the yelling of the wind. "Never heed me! I'll follow after!"

Follow after! Throughout all that desperate passage he pressed me hard. Buffeted by the gale, swinging by our hands where there was no foothold, battling, agonizing, with death yawning beneath us at every step, we forced our perilous way, till, where the rocks commenced to broaden, we cast ourselves down panting and exhausted.

Duroc was the first to struggle to his feet; something clattered on the stones beside him. It was the hilt of the sabre I had left. We were on the very spot where I had slain the enemy's outpost.

In an instant I was on my feet beside Duroc. I put my mouth close to his ear.

"Go on," I whispered, "but keep low, crawl—there may be Tyrolese about—and warn the picket."

He nodded and drew his boots—by my advice he had slung them round his neck—over his torn feet. His sword was gone.

I was eagerly, yet very wearily, preparing to follow, when a harsh voice challenged from over my head. I looked up. A Tyrolese was standing on the very boulder against which I was lying, looking keenly in the direction Duroc had taken. For full five minutes he waited thus, then turned away with a grunt.

But as he turned he shouted some words down the ridge behind me.

I did not wait. I took my bare sabre by the blade and crept away. Just before I reached the spring where I had left the escort I came in sight of Duroc, and even as I saw him he stood on his feet and came to the salute.

The escort were there—where I had left them. One of the men was sitting with his head between his knees—and the back of his skull blown in. The other was lying, a huddled heap, at his feet. Close to him, on his back, was the corporal, a thin stream of blood trickling from his gray lips. As we bent over him he opened his eyes.

"The Tyrolese rats stalked us," he whispered; "we had no chance of—"

His voice failed, and with a tremor he passed away into the silence.

For us there was no respite for anger or pity. Duroc was already turning down the mountain-side, when I caught his arm.

"It's too late that way," I said, "but we may do something yet. Come with me!"

"What to do?"

"Fire on our own men!"

He understood at once. Snatching up the muskets of the escort, we hurried stealthily to the edge of the ravine.

Right below us were our infantry, forming in column, with Lefebvre on his charger facing them, sword in hand. So close were they that we could discern the fierce eagerness of their bearing, and on the sight we knew that our three shots—all we could fire: the Tyrolese had taken the escort's cartridge-boxes—would not check for an instant those straining war-dogs. Duroc brought a musket to his shoulder, sighted it, then put it down with an exclamation of disgust.

"Oh, if only I had one of those infernal Tyrolese rifles!" he groaned.

"A rifle! Wait!" I whispered, and doubled back to the foot of the Bayonnette ridge. At the verge of the curtain of mist that still hung there, changeless and ever changing, were voices, fierce, eager voices, ever more audible; yet I pressed on—for the rifle.

It was lying where it had fallen,

dropped from the hand of the man I had thrust to his death. It was at Duroc's shoulder within three minutes of my leaving him. Below, Lefèbre had wheeled his charger's head and was pointing with his hat up the gorge.

Crack! close to my ear. The great charger plunged forward and then they came to the ground together, General and steed. Duroc turned to me with a satisfied smile.

"Not a bad shot," he said quietly.

I scarcely heard him. Inspiration came to me. I sprang to the verge of the cliff and waved the French back.

I saw a stir of metal along the opposite brow of the gorge, and the next moment Duroc had snatched me by the belt and dragged me violently down.

"Do you want to be killed?" he began. His words were cut short by the crash of a volley, and from the Tyrolese ambush came a rain of bullets, whistling over us and smacking against the rocks all round.

"We shall be killed anyhow," I replied grimly, "but the General knows the whole danger now."

"Why 'killed anyhow'?"

"There are Tyrolese enough and to spare for our business close at hand. I heard them when I fetched the rifle. Hark! They are after us already."

The firing from across the ravine had ceased, and now, from behind us, we could hear the crunching of boots and men's voices speaking eagerly. We wriggled round and lay facing the sounds, musket in hand. I took off my pistols and laid them beside me; Duroc did the same.

For a few anxious seconds we waited. Then, seemingly from beneath our feet, came a rending detonation, followed almost instantly by a tremendous repercussion, which died away into a grating roar.

We looked over our shoulders. All along the far cliffs of the ravine the

great boulders, the lashed tree-trunks, the piles of stones, ay, and even the bodies of the gallant defenders, were hurtling down into the gorge. Every battery, every piece, had been brought to bear on the enemy's ambuscade, and had swept it to destruction. The next moment a bullet from behind cut in between my ear and the ground, and splashed my face with the burning lead. The guardians of La Bayonnette had sighted us.

We whipped round in a moment. They were close at hand, half a score of them, with rifles at the ready. Duroc and I fired together and two of the enemy fell. Then a lash of white-hot fire scored my back from neck to hip. Simultaneously the third musket dropped from Duroc's hand, undischarged—he was hit in the left shoulder.

Duroc laughed. "Your pistols, Leval," he said quickly. "Here they come, the fools, unloaded."

They were coming, waving their empty rifles over their heads, with eyes glaring and teeth bared, like wolves hurling themselves on their prey. And, all the time, I was conscious of a wild roar of cheering from below, as our men stormed through the pass.

Duroc waited till our destroyers were within five yards, and then sat up and fired the pistols, one! two! three! four! as quick as I can count, and at each shot a man dropped in his tracks. The remaining four held back.

"Now, Leval!" cried Duroc.

I was upon them already with the sword. One I cut downwards through the jaw, the next I thrust through the lungs, but before I could disentangle my blade a third, a great bearded giant, clipped his arms round me and held me, calling on his comrade the while—to stab me, I suppose, for I saw the man's hand go to the knife in his belt. I strove to wrench myself

free, and as we reeled round I caught sight of Duroc. He was propped against a boulder, with the one undischarged musket levelled, pistol-fashion, in his unwounded hand. The next instant something whistled past my ear, and there was an ugly splashing sound, followed by a fall, close behind.

Upon the shot, my adversary released me and sprang quickly away. Quickly! but my sabre was quicker.

Then some great weight from above crashed down on to my shoulder, and all was darkness.

When I came to myself, I was lying on a clean pallet in a log-hut, with the scent of fresh-hewn pinewood in my nostrils, and the fresh air blowing through the interstices of the walls. My left arm was tightly bound to my side, and my collar-bone felt as if it were of burning iron.

I turned my head wearily and wonderingly. Close by mine was another pallet, and on it was Duroc.

"Hullo, comrade!" he said, brightly. "Alive again?"

I nodded and closed my eyes—I was very weak. After a while I opened them again.

"Duroc," I questioned feebly, "where are we? What has happened? How came we here?"

"Where are we?" replied Duroc, who seemed in the highest spirits. "In a special field-hospital, I believe. What happened? Why, when you spitted that hairy fellow so neatly, one of their marksmen sniped you from the cliffs above, and got you in the left shoulder; so you see"—tapping his bandages with his right hand—"we are both coopered in the same wing. Down you came, and down he came too, no doubt to see if we were well dead. I could do nothing, for the kick of that infernal musket had nearly broken my arm, and I was thinking the game was up—when there was a volley, and your amiable gentleman went tumbling down the

crag, and I found myself among the legs of our men, who were scrambling over the rocks and each other, and cheering like mad. After that I followed your example and fainted, so how we came here I know no more than you."

He laughed joyously. At that moment the door opened, and Blake, our Irish surgeon, put his merry red face inside.

"Oh, lads," he cried, in his execrable French, "so it's talking ye are! 'Tis a good sign, that! Now, lie still whilst I examine ye both."

He took first my pulse, then Duroc's, and nodded in a satisfied manner.

"You're well enough," he said. "I have a visitor waiting for ye." He threw open the door. "You may come in, sir," he called.

He stood aside, and Lefèvre himself entered the hut.

We both tried to straggle to the salute, but he checked us with his hand.

"Lie still, my lads," he said; and then, drawing up a stool between our pallets and seating himself, he went on: "Now, just tell me all about it!"

How kind and gentle he was, that great man, like a father with two boys, letting us run on just as we pleased, but checking us when we seemed getting excited, and never worrying us with unnecessary questions. When we had finished, he turned to Blake.

"Well, surgeon," he said cheerily, "what is your report? When will your patients be about again?"

"With care and nursing, in a few weeks," began Blake,—when Duroc broke in in his impetuous way.

"Oh, surgeon! You must get us fit before the end of the campaign!"

"Not before the end of this campaign," interposed Lefèvre, gravely. "Not before the end of this campaign. It is over, and," taking our uninjured

hands in each of his, "you have won it for me, you two!"

We lay back, unable to speak; our manhood was sorely tested. Lefèvre understood.

"Come! Come! Don't look so unhappy," he said; "I have no doubt our Master will find plenty of work for us yet. Still, still, young bloods will want to be up and doing. I am not much of

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a doctor myself," he continued, turning to Blake, "but I may be able to be of some use now. Here," feeling in the breast of his coat, "is a medicine I prescribe for both of you to take as soon as you are well enough."

He held out his hand. Something glistened in the palm. It was the Cross of the Legion.

Claude E. Benson.

MACAULAY'S LAY FIGURES.

"Palatinus sighed
Faint echoes of Ionian song."

SHELLEY.

The care and accuracy which distinguish the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, as they distinguish everything that Macaulay wrote, are almost a proverb. Thus, for example, when he decided to alter

"By heaven, he said, yon rebels
Stand manfully at bay,"
into

"Quoth he, The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay,"

he notes that "litter" is used by our best writers as governing the plural number. (Trevelyan's *Life*, p. 413).¹ And again, in November, 1839, when he was at Rome, he went towards the river, to the spot where the old Pons Sublicius stood. "I looked about," he tells us, "to see how my Horatius agreed with the topography. Pretty well; but his house must be on Mount Palatine; for he would never see Mount Coelius from the spot where he fought." (Trevelyan, p. 359.) Thus for the old "But he saw upon Mount Coelius" we now read

"But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home."

When, then, Macaulay gives us a

¹ When no question of euphony arises, Macaulay makes "litter" take a singular. "The vile Claudian litter still yelps and snaps" ("Virginia," 260.)

name for which actual authority is lacking, we expect, and we usually find, just that touch of appropriateness which marks the scholar—an appropriateness more satisfying than the mere alliterative suitability of the "high-born Hoel" or the "mountain-mourned Modred," which we meet in Gray. Even the "tall Pinta" of the Armada is hardly an exception²; and genuine exceptions are rare. Of course, Macaulay did not arrogate to himself the praise of an imaginative poet, nor do the *Lays* lend themselves to the highest flights of imagination.

"Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill,"

says he in *Horatius*. Shelley, describing the same rill in his *Boat on the Serchio*, tells us how the river,

". . . twisting forth

Between the marble barriers which it
clove

At Ripafratta, leads through the dead
chasm

The wave that died the death which
lovers love,

Living in what it sought—"

a touch beyond Macaulay's reach. Yet Macaulay has his own gifts. He is a master of that suggestiveness which is so distinct a feature of Milton, or Virgil, and (in a lesser degree) of Scott. Like them, he loves the proper name

² There was a Pinta among the Ships of Columbus, though not in the Armada.

not merely for its sound but for its associations, and the associations generally add much to the power and penetration of his lines. Who, for instance, on reading the couplet from the *Epitaph on a Jacobite*:

"Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees,"

can fail to perceive the subtle allusiveness which turns topography itself into music? And over and over again we light on some suggestion, some underlying reference, that we may have previously missed, and then we experience the same sort of pleasure as when we discover that a beautiful line of Gray or Tennyson, full of meaning as it was before, is yet fuller when seen to be a reminiscence from some classical author.

The Lays of Ancient Rome are, indeed, crowded with such touches. Whether they are "trifles" or not, not only are they, in the words of Macaulay's favorite Johnson, "a model in the art of writing trifles with dignity" (Trevelyan, p. 664), but they do at least, as Macaulay put it in a letter to Macvey Napier (July 14, 1842), "pass for scholarly and not inelegant trifles." They were on his hands for fully six years, and he began to mark his *Livy* with a view to them while he was still in India. Thus, if they have not the highest signs of genius, they abound in beauties of suggestion. The roll of names at the beginning of *Horatius*, for example, has a charm of this kind.³ We know, of course, that Macaulay drew the inspiration for it from an actual journey through Tuscany; and his sister believed she could tell the very turn of the road where the words struck him:

"From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers,"

³ Macaulay thought his "Fragments of a Roman Tale" showed sadly unripe scholarship (T. 666.); but within their range they are marked by the same qualities as "Horatius."

but the aroma, the poetry, is in the sound and in the recollected romance, behind the names. "Lordly Volaterra," "sea-girt Populonia," "Massilia's triremes," these words derive their glamour from a history.

The same, in a sense, is true even of the invented names of persons whose business it is to carry on the story. It is interesting even to guess at the line of thought that suggested these names to Macaulay; precisely as there is an interest in tracing the old ballad or romance that gave to Rossetti one of the "stunning words" which lend their glamour to *Sister Helen* or the *White Ship*. Sometimes, it is true, Macaulay himself must have been hard put to it to know the exact impulse that dictated the choice. Verbenna, for instance, is doubtless born of the sound: it is apparently Etruscan, and will therefore "do";⁴ and in "Regillus" there are many such names. It is perhaps scarcely worth noting that a Flaccus, a Julius,⁵ and a Nepos are all mentioned in a single line of Martial (X. 48, 5); nor does there seem to be more than a Latin origin in common between Cicero's friend and relative Tubero, the accuser of Ligarius (Pro Ligario I.), and the Tubero of Norba whom Aebutius gave to feed the Porcian kites. Metius, again, with his long fair curls, bears slight likeness to Metius Fufetius, the treacherous king of Alba, to whom Tullus Hostilius dealt out such dire punishment, or to Metius Curtius, whose famous leap is said to have given a name to the Curtian Lake.

But other names, unquestionably, are meant to rouse definite associations in

⁴ The Etruscans, it is said, called themselves Rasena; and the well-known Sienna is perhaps an Etruscan name.

⁵ Why one of the Julian line should devote himself to Tarquin is hard to see; we should have rather expected to find him among the denouncers of Claudius in "Virginia." But his mansion was on the Velian Hill because the Aedes Penatium, so closely associated with Iulus, stood there. In this shrine were preserved the old Trojan households gods.

our minds. Capys, the sightless seer, recalls the Capys of Virgil, whose mind had formed a sound opinion, and whose advice was to destroy the fatal horse. He recalls also (if this be not the same man) that Capys from whom the name of the Campanian city is derived (Aen X. 145), a follower specially dear to Aeneas.

Horatius, indeed, is crowded with such names. Tolumnius, with the belt of gold, is meant to remind us, first, of that augur in Virgil (XII. 460):

"Primus in adversos telum qui torserat hostes,"

and secondly, of that Etruscan king whose "spolia opima," perhaps with a gilded belt among them, were carried off in triumph by Cossus and affixed to the walls of the temple of Jupiter. (Livy IV., 19.) Incidentally, we may hazard the conjecture that this same Cossus sat for the portrait of the keen-sighted horseman whom at a crisis of the Regillus battle the Dictator sent with a message to Herminius. Astur, the great Lord of Luna, plainly comes from the tenth Book of Virgil (180), where we read:

"Sequitur pulcherrimus Astur,
Astur equo fidens et versicoloribus armis;"

nor is his by any means the only name conveyed from the well-known passage (XI. 163 *sq.*), in which Virgil enumerates the Tuscan chiefs who came to the help of Aeneas. This book, indeed, must have appealed specially to Macaulay. "I like Virgil best," he wrote to his friend Ellis, "on Italian ground. I like his localities; his national enthusiasm; his frequent allusions to his country, its history, its antiquities, and its greatness. In this respect he often reminds me of Sir Walter Scott, with whom, in the general character of his mind, he had very little affinity." (Trevelyan, p. 169.) It was, in fact, in the Virgil of the later books that Macaulay found

unconsciously some image of himself; and the tenth book, in particular, supplied him with many touches for his "Lays." "The Laurentian jungle, the wild hog's reedy home," comes straight from the passage (X. 709) where Virgil compares Mezentius to the wild boar:—

"Long fostered in Laurentum's fen
Mid reeds and marshy ground."

The very similar passage in *Horatius* (st. 39) also reminds us, as it obviously reminded Conington when translating Virgil, of the same book. The city of Cosa, an obscure little place where dwelt the wild boar slain by Aruns, is mentioned by Virgil in close connection with Clusium; and half a dozen lines further down we find Populonia, Pisse, and Ilva or Elba,

"Insula inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis."

Elba rich in iron mines. Ocnus of Falerii recalls the Ocnus on whom Virgil lingers with patriotic pride, the son of the Tuscan river and of Manto, and the founder of Mantua, "whose strength is of Tuscan blood." Aunus of Tifernum, again, though the tenth book knows nothing of such a name, reminds us of that dweller on the Apennine mentioned in the eleventh, whose crafty Ligurian son did not escape the vengeance of Camilla by all his wiles. (XI. 700.)

Others of Macaulay's names reveal a different origin. Seius, for instance, "whose eight hundred slaves sicken in Ilva's mines," may possibly be nothing but a John Doe or Richard Roe, for the name constantly occurs thus in Roman law-books, but it is far more probably meant to refer us to Seius Strabo, the father of the infamous Sejanus. It would not have been necessary for Macaulay to turn up his "Tacitus" in order to recall the fact that Sejanus was of Tuscan extraction, and born close by that Volsinian mere of which we have already heard; in-

deed, he could scarcely look at the lake without thinking of the enigmatic villain whose birthplace was so near. Cruelty to slaves and a mad avarice might well be attributed to the ancestor of such a man. Nor must we forget that in the passage of Juvenal which describes the fall of Sejanus—a passage which Macaulay assuredly knew by heart—the Volsinian goddess Nurtia is mentioned; and thus, when he wrote the lines—

“And hang round Nursia's altars
The golden shields of Rome”

his thoughts must have travelled to Sejanus. (Juv. 10, 74.)

Another imperial favorite, more deserving than Sejanus, supplied Macaulay with another name. Gaius Cilnius Maecenas, it is well known, claimed, truly or falsely, to be descended from an old line of Etruscan kings of Arretium; and the poets who lived by his bounty never failed to celebrate the splendor of his ancestry and the contrasting simplicity of his life.

“Maecenas, eques Etrusco de sanguine regum,”

says Propertius; what Horace says there is no need to quote. We are not surprised, then, to find “Cilnius of Arretium” among the Lucumos that followed Porsena. Aruns, again, is a name occurring often in Etruscan annals, so often, indeed, that it has been regarded by some as a mere common noun, meaning younger son. Three of the name are found among the family of the Tarquins, whom “every school-boy knows” to have been of Etruscan origin; and Livy mentions an Aruns who was a son of Lars Porsena himself. Lucan tells us of another who

“Incoluit desertæ moenia Lucae.” (I. 586).

No wonder that legend gave the name to the Clusine traitor who invited Brennus and his Gauls to invade Tuscany, or that Virgil pictures an

Aruns as the cowardly slayer of the Amazon Camilla. Lausulus of Urge and Picus of Umbria are difficult. Lausulus one might guess to be a relative of Lausus, the son of the tyrant Mezentius, taking, however, rather after the latter than after the former. His death—“Lie there, fell pirate”—is obviously modelled on that of Tarquitus in Virgil (X. 557), “istic nunc metuende jaces.” Picus may remind us of the eponymous ancestor of Picenum, the country that borders on Umbria—perhaps the “Picus, equum domitor” of Virgil, VII. 189. It may be worth mentioning that Picus was the father of Faunus, and Faunus of Tarquitus: it is thus easy to see how Macaulay's thought advanced from Picus to the death of Lausulus.

In *Regillus*, as we have already hinted, there is less to detain us than in *Horatius*; the main interest of the literary detective in the former poem is to trace the reminiscences of Homer rather than those of Livy or Virgil. Yet there is something to reward our search even here. A Caeso or Kaeso among the Fabii is what we should expect to find. One of the many Kaesos of that family was the leader of the three hundred and six Fabii who held the fortress of the Cremera so gloriously against Veil and perished with the exception of a single boy; a tale, by the way, on which Macaulay dwells at length in his preface. Rex of Gabii,⁶ again, refers us to the kingly office of the priest. We may compare the well-known *Rex sacrificulus* of Rome, or the *Rex nemorensis* of Nemi, to whom Macaulay himself refers in the characteristically exact lines on Aricia's trees:

“Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain.”

Tullus of Arpinum (st. 36) also is

⁶ For Juno's shrine, “cp. Aen.” VII, 682, and other passages.

obviously an ancestor of Marcus Tullius Cicero, the great glory of that little town. Not far from Arpinum was the legendary home of Tullus Hostilius.

Black Auster,⁷ the famous steed of Herminius, is of course named from the south-west wind—a natural name for a horse; but is it impossible that Macaulay was thinking of Aquilo (north wind), the ancient Eclipse which won the first prize a hundred and thirty times, and whose grandson, Hirpinus, was equally successful? (Martial III. 63; Juvenal VIII. 63; see Prof. Mayor's note). Or is it fanciful to find the original of Mamilius' purple vest in Acron, "purpureum penis et pactae conjugis ostro" (*Aen.* X. 722)?

Matthew Arnold, it will be remembered, in his anxiety to score a point over Frank Newman, called the *Lays* "pinchbeck ballads." Like most ballads, as we have admitted, they fail to reach the height of imaginative poetry: as Leigh Hunt told Macaulay himself in his famous begging letter,

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they want the aroma that breathes from the *Faerie Queene*. Their moving impulse was perhaps political rather than ethereal. Proud Tarquin was to him a sort of James the Second; Valerius an earlier Schomberg; Titus was the Duke of Berwick; Julius was Sarsfield, and Regillus a luckier Steinkirk: nay, the Sublician Bridge was the bridge over the Gette, which William, retreating before Luxemburg, crossed so unwillingly. But though Macaulay's inspiration came as much from Constitution Hill as from Helicon, it is a high and genuine inspiration nevertheless. Within their range, and considered from the point of view of their aim, the *Lays* are not far from perfection. And if they be judged by the skill with which, by an epithet, by a rhyme, by a mere proper name, they call up trains of pleasing associations, surely "pinchbeck" is the very last word to use in order to characterize them. Long may it be before the British people is too "superior" to enjoy them!

E. E. Kellet.

THE FASCINATION OF GOLF.

If we look from Olympus or some such high-tee'd pitch we may find some excuse for sardonic humor in the high-strung competition that took place at Sandwich. The ball the big men strike is very little, the excitement very great. The cables vibrate across the Atlantic, conveying a "stunning blow" to the representatives of 70 million people. Men are sunk into depression because a blade of grass deflects the foolish ball by a millimetre; and they found upon the accident a sermon on national characteristics, on hypersensitive Americans or lethargic islanders.

⁷ Nigerrimus Auster, "Georgics" III. 278.

Some of those now writing about this game of golf remind one of a complaint of Huxley's against the classicists. They wrote so beautifully, he said, about things which do not matter, that you might almost mistake their "sensual caterwaulings for the music of the spheres." The phrase gives a pertinent suggestion. It is a Darwin who to-day has the music of the spheres—if we may so describe his philosophic accounts of the game—in the very highest perfection. Even Art is in the train of this game. There is a statue of Vardon at the top of his swing—a statue made upon a suggestion in this

Review many years ago—which has many of the qualities of the more famous and at present more classical discus-thrower. What are they coming to? will certainly be growled by some Olympians. Nevertheless, those of us who are not aloof from the mutations and unrest of the plains of the world are well justified in allowing ourselves the idle pleasure of this game, as of other games. Was it Schiller or another who first said that the instinct to play was the foundation of all art? Whoever said it, the fact is very true of men in general and British men in particular, that the instinct to play sets going and keeps oiled the machinery of life. It buttresses youth. So let its excesses be duly snipped by the professional satirist, so long as its existence is recognized and its claim acknowledged to as serious a treatment almost as the canons of art or the dramatic unities. After all, we are and shall be playing animals for generations yet, if not for sons.

Among games golf deserves its place. In its degree it is certainly one of the best games invented; and its merits are brought out—as does not always happen in games—by such a festival of the game as we have seen at Sandwich. The lusty rhythm of the shot from the tee, as approached by young Americans or old Englishmen; the forceful energy of the long iron-shot, straight and firm, yet so cut that it falls almost limp; the delicate and gentle art of the little approach shots, in which art develops into a sort of science; and finally, the nervous decision of the putt: when we have seen, say, Mr. Hilton's brassy shot, Mr. Evans's iron play, Mr. Ball's determined bunker play—for which he does not even take a niblick—or Mr. Palmer's downhill putt at a crisis, then we cannot help feeling that here is a game which really tests skill, tem-

per, character. And the grass is green and the sea whispers in your ear, and the stone-chat tops a gorse-bush. Such pleasures as these, though uninvited guests, come, too, to the festival; and you feel that this is a game indeed; yet a game of which the fascination, or what Mr. Haultain, its most intellectual panegyrist, calls the mystery, is esoteric, only perceptible to the fraternity.

There has never been so good an occasion for penetrating the mysterious charm of this art or science as the tourney at Sandwich. If any place—St. Andrews notwithstanding—deserves to be regarded as the hub of the game it is this stretch of sand and grass at the gate of England. "Name any course from Delagoa Bay to Dover," it was written in "The Battle of the Bays"; but if we take "course" in a technical sense, the Dover neighborhood is the one even our challenged enemies would select. The greedy golfer may there play 54 different holes consecutively without an interval of space or time; and the real national victory in this competition has not been a competitive victory. It is, of course, a question whether English people, who have hitherto been the great players of games, are to keep their position; but it certainly appears at present as if England were to be regarded as the supreme playing ground. It is accepted that competitions, to put no finer point on it, are better fun in England than elsewhere. Players delight to come over and wrest our championships from us for many reasons. We are on the whole better worth beating than others in nearly all games and sports, even when our skill is inferior, and the English grounds are the most attractive. But more than this, visitors feel that they are playing in the midst of a public which has more than a vicarious or financial interest in the game. This vast interest

in golf in England is the expression of people who play golf. It personally concerns them to know that Mr. Evans misses short putts because he grips too tightly with the right hand; that Mr. Travers, as most American players, tends to hit the ball with a pull, and therefore a run; that most of the Scotch representatives have a very "flat" swing, and many of the young English players, in the Vardon manner, "come down ower straight." We do not follow this competition because of the mere competitive excitement, but because we are of the noble company of golfers who, in spite of our fozzles, are continually aiming at an ideal method. And this makes a great difference to the fun of the game and its incidental zest. One of the visitors said that he had never seen or dreamt of "such a team of dark horses"; and to meet first-class men, men who are capable of strokes and rounds of something like genius, and yet men whose names have never been heard nor their accomplishments bruted—this is a new and very stimulating experience. The experience is the more unusual, especially to visitors from more intensive climates, for this reason, that the dark horse may be an old, hard-worked business man who

plays his games only at the week-end for recreation. One may easily write esoterically of golf. If one is playing a good game one feels that the whole body has achieved a rhythm, that makes the supreme pleasure in all bodily work. As Mr. James, the psychologist, said humorously, one is "*en rapport* with existence"; and the golfer who said he felt "a better man when his follow through came unchecked" had his justification. But, apart from the mystics, golf as played in England—and not least at Sandwich—has much the same merit as, may we say, rowing. A good and a rhythmic style has been absorbed by the bulk of the players, from the little caddies on the commons—who are most rhythmic—to the old business men. Style and rhythm are words for much the same quality; and if games are to be permitted at all, it is the common possession of style and rhythm that makes them valuable and their players "better men." If only for this reason we are selfishly grateful to those crisp and dashing young players from overseas whose example increases the vogue and temper of this style. We shall hit our iron shots a little truer with a little less effort after watching "the invaders."

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PERFECTION.

(An Up-to-date Romance of Studio Life.)

Spaghetti, the prince of Futurists, stood

And gazed at his work with a thoughtful eye;

"It is good," he murmured, "yet not quite good,"

He had labelled it *Midsummer Eve in a Wood*,

But the gods knew why.

A lady's eyes and a calf-topped boot,

And a ticket (punched) for the Highgate Tube,

He had painted there, with some crimson fruit

And a couple of uptown elms, each root

A perfect cube.

"It is better than all those beastly Dutch
And the old Italian frauds," he said;
"But the little something that means so much
Still waits;" and he gave an anguished clutch
At his mop-crowned head.

He went to the further side of the room
And flecked the canvas with daubs of mud;
He wiped it down with a housemaid's broom,
And gummed in the middle a jackdaw's plume
And a ha'penny stud.

He put on his motor-bicycling mask,
And prayed to his Muse; and whilst he prayed
(So Heaven is kind to those that ask)
Like a mænad flushed from the wine-god's flask,
Behold, a maid!

Her skirt was draggled, her hair was down,
As though she had walked by woodland tracks
Or come on an omnibus through the town,
And suddenly forth from her loosened gown
She pulled an axe.

And "Thus!" and "Thus!" she observed, and dealt
The painted fantasy blow on blow;
"Thou tyrannous man, thy doom is spelt!"
She gave it another frightful welt,
Then turned to go.

But the master, rolling upon the floor,
Leapt up to his feet like a mountain kld,
And "Swipe it," he said, "sweet maid, once more
Just here where the axe hit not before;"
And swipe she did.

He pressed his bosom, his eyes were wet,
He knelt and fawned at the damsel's feet;
"Be mine," he bellowed, "O Suffragette,
For the noblest work I have painted yet
Is now complete!"

Evoc.

Punch.

THE SUPERLATIVE.

Though he had not yet arrived, he had personally no doubt about the matter. It was merely a question of time. Not that for one moment he approved of "arriving" as a general principle. Indeed, there was no one whom he held in greater contempt than a man who had arrived. It was to him the high-water mark of imbecility, commercialism, and complacency. For what did it mean save that this individual had pleased a sufficient number of other imbeciles, hucksters, and fatheads, to have secured for himself a reputation? These pundits, these mandarins, these so-called "masters"—they were an offence to his common-sense. He had passed them by, with all their musty and sham-Abraham achievements. That fine flair of his had found them out. Their mere existence was a scandal. Now and again one died; and his just anger would wane a little before the touch of the Great Remover. No longer did that Pundit seem quite so objectionable now that he no longer cumbered the ground. It might even, perhaps, be admitted that there had been something coming out of that one; and as the years rolled on, this something would roll on too, till it became quite a big thing; and he would compare those miserable Pundits who still lived, with the one who had so fortunately died, to their great disadvantage. There were, in truth, very few living beings that he could stand. Somehow they were not—no, they really *were not*. The Great—as they were called forsooth—artists, writers, politicians—what were they? He would smile down one side of his long nose. It was enough. Forthwith those reputations ceased to breathe—for him. Their theories, too, of Art, Reform, what not—how puerile! How utterly and hopelessly old-fashioned, how

worthy of all the destruction that his pen and tongue could lavish on them!

For, to save his country's Art, his country's Literature, and Politics—that was, he well knew, his mission. And he periodically founded, or joined, the staff of papers that were going to do this trick. They always lasted several months, some several years, before breathing the last impatient sigh of genius. And while they lived, with what wonderful clean brooms they swept! Perched above all that miasma known as human nature, they beat the air, sweeping it and sweeping it, till suddenly there was no air left. And that theory, that real vision of Art and Existence, which they were going to put in place of all this muck, how near—how unimaginably near—they brought it to reality! Just another month, another year, another good sweeping, would have done it! And on that final ride of the broomstick, he—he would have arrived! At last someone would have been there with a real philosophy, a truly creative mind; someone whose poems, and paintings, music, novels, plays, and measures of reform, would at last have borne inspection! And he would go out from the office of that Great Paper so untimely wrecked, and, conspiring with himself, would found another.

This one should follow principles that could not fail. For, first, it should tolerate nothing—nothing at all. That was the mistake they had made last time. They had tolerated some reputations. No more of that; no—more! The imbeciles, the shallow frauds, let them be carted once for all. And with them let there be cremated the whole structure of Society, all its worn-out formulas of Art, Religion, Sociology. In place of them he would not this time be content to put nothing. No;

it was the moment to elucidate and develop that secret rhyme and pulsation in the heart of things hitherto undisclosed to any but himself. And all the time there should be flames going up out of that paper—the pale-red, the lovely flames of genius. Yes, the emanation should be wonderful. And, collecting his tattered mantle round his middle so small, he would start his race again.

For three numbers he would lay about him and outline religiously what was going to come. In the fourth number he would be compelled to concentrate himself on a final destruction of all those defences and spiteful counter-attacks which wounded vanity had wrung from the Pundits, those apostles of the past; this final destruction absorbed his energies during the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth numbers. In the ninth he would say positively that he was now ready to justify the constructive prophecies of his first issues. In the tenth he would explain that unless a blighted Public supported an heroic effort better, genius would be withheld from them. In the eleventh number he would lay about him as he had never done, and in the twelfth give up the ghost.

In connection with him one had always to remember that he was not one of those complacent folk whose complacency stops short somewhere; his was a nobler kind, ever trying to climb into that heaven which he alone was going to reach some day. He had a touch of the divine discontent even with himself; and it was only in comparison with the rest of the world that he felt he was superlative.

It was a consolation to him that Nietzsche was dead, so that out of a full heart and empty conscience he could bang upon the abandoned drum of a man whom he scarcely hesitated to term great. And yet, what—as he often said—could be more dismally

asinine than to see some of these live stucco moderns pretending to be supermen? Save this Nietzsche he admitted perhaps no philosopher into his own class, and was most down on Aristotle, and that one who had founded the religion of his country.

Of statesmen he held a low opinion—what were they, after all, but politicians? There was not one in the whole range of history who could take a view like an angel of the dawn surveying creation; not one who could soar above a contemptible adaptation of human means to human ends.

His poet was Blake. His playwright Strindberg, a man of distinct promise—fortunately dead. Of novelists he accepted Dostolevsky. Who else was there? Who else that had gone outside the range of normal, stupid, rational humanity, and shown the marvellous qualities of the human creature drunk or dreaming? Who else who had so arranged his scenery that from beginning to end one need never witness the dull shapes and colors of human life not suffering from nightmare? It was in nightmare only that the human spirit revealed its possibilities.

In truth he had a great respect for nightmare, even in its milder forms, the respect of one who felt that it was the only thing which an ordinary sane man could not achieve in his waking moments. He so hated the ordinary sane man, with his extraordinary lack of the appreciative faculty.

In his artistic tastes he was Paulopost-futurist, and the painter he had elected to admire was one that no one had yet heard of. He meant, however, that they should hear of him when the moment came. With the arrival of that one would begin a new era of art, for which in the past there would be no parallel, save possibly one Chinese period long before that of which the Pundits—poor devils—so blatantly bleated.

He was a connoisseur of music, and nothing gave him greater pain than a tune. Of all the ancients he recognized Bach alone, and only in his fugues. Wagner was considerable in places. Strauss and Debussy, well—yes, but now *vieux jeu*. There was a Finn. His name? No, let them wait! That fellow was something. Let them mark his words, and wait!

It was for this kind of enlightenment of the world that he most ardently desired his own arrival, without which he sometimes thought he could no longer bear things as they were, no longer go on watching his chariot unhitched to a star, trailing the mud of this musty, muddled world, whose ethics even, those paltry wrappings of the human soul, were uncongenial to him.

Talking of ethics, there was one thing especially that he absolutely could not bear—that second-hand creature, a gentleman; the notion that his own Superlative self should be compelled by some mouldy and incomprehensible tradition to respect the feelings or see the point of view of others—this was indeed the limit. No, no! To bound upon the heads and limbs the prejudices and convictions of those he came in contact with, especially in print, that was a holy duty. And, though conscientious to a degree, there was certainly no one of all his duties that he performed so conscientiously as this. No amenities defiled his tongue or pen, nor did he ever shrink from personalities—his spiritual honesty was terrific. But he never

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thrust or cut where it was not deserved; practically the whole world was open to his scorn, as he well knew, and he never needed to go out of his way to find victims for it. Indeed, he made no cult at all of eccentricity—that was for smaller creatures. His dress, for instance, was of the soberest, save that now and then he would wear a purple shirt, gray boots, and a yellow-ochre tie. His life and habits, lost in the future, were, on the whole, abstemious. He had no children, but set great store by them, and fully meant when he had time to have quite a number, for this was, he knew, his duty to a world breeding from mortal men. Whether they would arrive before he did was a question, since, until then, his creative attention could hardly be sufficiently disengaged.

At times he scarcely knew himself, so absorbed was he; but you knew him because he breathed rather hard, as became a man lost in creation. In the higher flights of his genius he paused for nothing, not even for pen and paper; he touched the clouds indeed—and, like the clouds, height piled on vaporous height, his images and conceptions hung wreathed, immortal, evanescent as the very air. It was an annoyance to him afterwards to find that he had neglected to take them down. Still, with his intolerance of all except divinity, and his complete faith that he must in time achieve it, he was perhaps the most interesting person to be found in the purlieus of—wherever it might be.

John Galsworthy.

MEXICO CITY.

Damascus is probably the city most nearly resembling Mexico City in situation. In the centre of a plain, about 7,350 feet above sea level, loom three

historic lakes. These were formerly of immense extent, but at the time of my visit had dwindled into marshes. Mexico City lies to the south-west of

these lakes. An amphitheatre of mountains frowns down upon them, two grand peaks of about 17,000 and 16,000 feet glimmering in the distance, covered with perpetual snow. Popocatepetl rises to a regular cone. Istacihautl is crowned by a plateau, on which is outlined a form, supposed to resemble the recumbent figure of a woman, with arms folded on her breast. Until comparatively recently, these peaks have been active volcanoes.

It is difficult to give any coherent impression of first glimpses of Mexico City. It is a jumble of East and West, the Indian and European elements jostling one another. The negro and the Chinamen are absent, but, with these exceptions, a sprinkling of most nationalities is in evidence.

The Paseo is a wide roadway; driving along it about two and a half miles from the centre of the city, Chapultepec is reached, the Government House and Military College, built on the site of the Palace of Moctezuma. Prescott has vividly described the commanding knoll on which Chapultepec is perched, surrounded by cypress trees of gigantic growth, dating mostly from Aztec times, now festooned in Spanish moss. At this spot is Moctezuma's Bath, the spring from which the water supply of the city is taken. The immense tree under which he and his nobles consulted how the Spaniards should be met still flourishes here. Along the Paseo are round points, decorated with statues, and at the city end is Alameda, a beautiful little tropic park. The Alameda and the Paseo are the Hyde Park and Rotten Row of Mexico City, and in the evening, from half-past four to seven, they are thronged with beautifully horsed carriages.

The Mexican climate appears to influence alike the stamina of horses and cattle and the human constitution—after long residence, Europeans grow slack, flabby, and hypochondriac. The

native horse is a small animal, with considerable staying power, but poor speed. Like other animals, horses and mules are treated abominably, even by educated Mexicans; they are driven mercilessly and often in bad condition or with sore backs. The country folk are reared on horseback, and spend the greater part of their waking hours in the saddle. The intelligence and training of the horses are wonderful, especially in lassoing, in which their riders are extremely expert. In a country subject to nine months' drought and three months' deluge it is not easy to maintain good roads. Under the old régime these were rapidly improved, and railways pushed out in all directions. Education was also much extended. Many Mexicans are highly polished by foreign travel and education, splendid linguists and musicians, but their society strikes one as a bad "translation from the French."

Humor is wanting in the Mexican character. The Indians are stolid and unimpressionable; their main ambition is that *tortillas* and *frijoles* for the next meal shall be forthcoming. In the country districts they live in hovels, often in caves or shelters of plastered mud, like martins' nests on the hillside. As often as not, the men wrap their zarapes about them and sleep out in the open, even though the nights in the cold season are generally frosty. The Indian is a fatalist; if disease attacks him, he succumbs at once. The death-rate in the city is about 40 per 1,000—not great, considering the garbage on which many of the people live and the filth of their surroundings. The normal water level, before the recent drainage works were carried out, was only about four feet below the surface of the Zocola or Plaza.

In all ranks of society, conversation, after an overture, drifts into accounts of acts of violence or stories turning

on the use of firearms. The Indian's weapon on foot is the knife, on horseback the lasso. To see an approaching horseman handle his lasso is considered ample justification for shooting him "on sight," just as in some parts of Texas, when a man puts his hand on his hip, where his "six-shooter" ought to be, and gets a bullet through his heart, the verdict is "justifiable homicide." In the country districts carrying firearms is pretty general, a knife being frequently added to the armory. In the city a strong effort was made by Porfirio Diaz, when President, to put down the constant use of revolvers. Under his régime, although murders were rife, pressmen knew better than to report them. There was one inevitable answer to unpalatable news—Belem, the city gaol.

In many respects the police arrangements are excellent. The gendarmes wear a neat blue uniform and white képis. They are to be found at the corners of most blocks, and are a civil and intelligent body of men. At night each has a lantern, which he places in the centre of the roadway, so that it is always easy to spot a policeman in case of need. In the event of a row or fight, the rule is, clear out at once; the police sweep off everyone within range, innocent or guilty. In the country districts the old Spanish law is in force. Until the "jefe político" or chief of the district appears no one may touch a wounded man.

Although about early and late in all parts of the city, I had no personal experience of violence. When passing through the United States, I was warned that St. Louis had a bad reputation for "holding up" the stranger, and that cases occur frequently in the main streets of that city. One good rule in Mexico is that by which the "drunks and disorderlies" are sentenced to so many days' street scavenging. In the morning a gang of fifteen

or twenty men may generally be seen so engaged, ranking from the dandy (or "lagartijo," as he is called) to the cabaret sot, surrounded by a dozen gendarmes, revolver in hand. Convicts often get the option of serving a term in the army. The soldiers are, broadly speaking, a villainous-looking lot. Sometimes the convict soldiers may be seen out for an airing, officers riding by them, ready to shoot, should a recruit try to bolt.

The so-called republican government of Mexico under Porfirio Diaz was dictatorship, naked and unashamed. The law was a Procrustean bed and would fit any case. State the case and the law followed. The most favorable comment possible is that such a state of affairs is preferable to anarchy and indiscriminate murder and rapine.

The Mexican skims the surface of existence. To begin with, he is a vivid actor. On meeting you, his salutations are exuberant; he clasps and holds your hand, and shakes it again and again with great gusto, asking you at the same time question after question, without waiting for your reply. The greetings of two Mexicans irresistibly remind the reserved Englishman of the reconciliation scene between Cox and Box. Each puts his chin on the other's shoulder and a hand on the small of the other's back; they then pat vigorously, and sometimes endeavor to lift one another off the ground. A small man smelling at a big man's pocket, as he tries to hoist him into the air, affords a decidedly comic tableau. The better-educated are great talkers, chattering incessantly, their voices being generally harsh and inclined to rise into a scream. The ladies often have beautiful and abundant hair; their eyes, when excited, are bright and piercing. Early in the day they have a washed-out appearance, as they loll, listless and unkempt, on the low house

balconies, a few feet above the street. The salutation between ladies is rather graceful. The right hand is held up

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permost and the fingers are twiddled. The same action, with palm downward, is used for beckoning.

A. E. Carey.

THE OUTRAGEOUS WOMEN.

The Suffragettes are again disastrously militant. Pictures are ruinously scratched; religious services interrupted; people assaulted; and the beautiful parish church at Wargrave burnt down. That is the week's tale, surpassing the previous week's damage of an exhibit at the British Museum, the attack in the National Gallery the week before, the destruction of an hotel by fire the week before that, the outrages at Birmingham Cathedral and other churches earlier in the year. These women seem to suffer from cycles of desperation: at one time nothing but pictures will do, at another it is pavilions, boathouses and grandstands, old mansions and churches. A year or so ago the campaign was directed for a time against the travelling public: railway stations were burnt, railway signals tampered with, and the railway officials were even warned that attempts would be made to wreck express trains. That side of the campaign was temporarily dropped, and the Pankhurst organization now seems to have turned definitely to churches and pictures. The passion for destroying pictures has clearly developed from the window-smashing campaign that was carried on two or three years ago. Windows can be replaced; but pictures are another matter, and the Suffragettes realize that the more valuable the picture the more will its destruction be talked about. The interruption of church services is another application of the principle that the more outrageous the offence the more successful the advertisement. In proportion as it shocks the ordinary

churchgoer it is considered successful by the perpetrators.

The wanton destruction of churches by fire is something new in political agitation. No logical excuse for this campaign of arson has yet appeared, even in the "Suffragette." The Suffragettes have no grievance against the Church such as they profess against the State. The real reason for this destruction, openly avowed and gloried in, is that it is an attempt to cow society. "Give us the vote, and we will be on our good behavior," is the argument of these fanatics; "refuse to give us the vote, and we will terrorize you into giving it by burning your churches, destroying your pictures, interrupting your theatres, and generally making life unbearable." The argument has acted in the contrary direction from what was intended. Society realizes to the full the inconveniences to which it is put, but it also realizes that those who do these things are not reasonable creatures. The Suffragettes have ruined their own cause by arson and outrage. What was five years ago an open constitutional question has now become a sectional agitation which no decent citizen can assist, and the older constitutional societies for Woman Suffrage have been overwhelmed by the wreckers. The plain result of militancy is that no citizen can now think of allowing any proposal for giving the franchise to women even to be discussed. Not the most moderate Bill can be considered by anyone who cares for political sanity or courage. We doubt if there is now any serious demand for the

vote among the old moderate supporters. All are estranged. One rarely meets anyone who has the slightest sympathy with the militants.

Woman Suffrage has been put off for a generation. But having admitted so much, it must also be recognized that the law has proved inadequate to cope with this campaign. Society, particularly in England, organized as it is on the principle of giving the fullest amount of individual liberty to every citizen, is not organized to cope with attacks from within. One assumes that human beings in a civilized state are reasonable, and, as a rule, the assumption is correct. The antivivisectionists do not burn down the hospitals where anti-toxins are used. Yet they are as sincere, and presumably as anxious for the triumph of their cause, as the Suffragettes. Only with the Suffragettes has agitation gone beyond legitimate bounds, and the law has shown itself timid and hesitating when confronted with the hunger-strike and its later variant, the thirst-strike. The Cat-and-Mouse Act has, as a fact, made the law ridiculous. One understands the reluctance to punish political agitators as severely as ordinary criminals as a general principle, but when political agitators act as ordinary criminals they must be punished as such. On what principle a man who burns down a house to get the insurance money is imprisoned for ten years or more, while a woman who burns down a house to get the vote is imprisoned for a week or less, we have yet to discover. The Cat-and-Mouse administration has failed. The criminal is sentenced to imprisonment, released after four or five days in a state of collapse, recovers, and after a week or so again offends, is caught, and with her unexpired sentence still to serve, is sentenced again for a fresh crime. By this means the fanatics, who are really a very small band, are

able to magnify their numbers in the public estimation. The police realize what the ordinary newspaper reader does not, that the same woman commits the same crime again and again, and mocks at the penalties which she can defy at the cost of a hunger-strike and with the reward of being regarded as a heroine by her accomplices. The Cat-and-Mouse Act should be repealed, and the ordinary law enforced. If the Home Office has not the courage to face the odium which it fears will attach to this method—although Mr. McKenna need not fear that public opinion will not support him—it should treat the law-breakers as criminal lunatics and press for them to be detained, like all other criminal lunatics, under trained medical supervision “during His Majesty’s pleasure.”

A new policy then is required by the Home Office, but one further step in this policy is essential. These women have some wealthy supporters and considerable funds. Their fanaticism has a solid cash basis, and it is impossible for an outsider to decide whether the fanaticism draws the cash or the cash compels the fanaticism. The Government at present thinks of proceeding against subscribers to the funds of the militant organization. This would be better than no move at all; but it would surely be simpler to attach the funds of the organization outright. The reluctance to interfere with the funds of any political organization should be overcome. The funds of the militants have been abused for the purposes of terrorizing society, and society must protect itself. At present, we believe, this cannot be done in the existing state of the law, but the law should be reformed to deal with the abuse. In this matter we have no desire to censure Mr. McKenna. We desire in common fairness to recognize that he has had peculiar difficulties to

face in dealing with this sudden outbreak. But he must now recognize

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that the time has come for a firmer hand.

"NICENESS" AS A SOCIAL ASSET.

It has always been possible to enter the highest English society without birth or exceptional beauty, without wealth or conversational wit, and without genius of any description. It was possible even a hundred and twenty years ago, while the theory of the identity of blue and red blood remained academic, when money was not all-powerful, when society was small, and when no one was ashamed of being proud. The Miss Berrys (who were born in the middle of the eighteenth century and died in the middle of the nineteenth) lived, to use their own favorite expression, "dans le très grand monde." They had no natural connection with it whatever, and they did not enter it till both were over twenty. They were the daughters of an amiable middle-class gentleman whose chief characteristic was "an odd inherent easiness," and of whose antecedents the world knew nothing save that he was the nephew, though not the heir, of a rich Glasgow merchant. They were brought up on a small income without educational advantages, and though later on, at the death of their great-uncle, they and their father together had not less than fifteen to seventeen hundred a year, that sum even in those days was not accounted wealth. Of their looks and abilities it may be said that they were good, but not brilliant or remarkable. They owed, no doubt, their introduction to the world of fashion to luck. Had they never known Horace Walpole they must have remained outside the aristocratic enclosure; but once in they never came out, and they died there—at the ages of eighty-eight and eighty-nine respec-

tively. To make a list of their acquaintance would mean the transcription of those pages of the Peerage and the *Dictionary of National Biography* which relate to a period covering the sixty years from 1790 to 1850. Why were they thus accepted on their merits? Simply because they were superlatively pleasant. To use a universal colloquialism, because they were quite exceptionally nice.

In what does social niceness consist? Those who read Mr. Lewis Melville's new book, *The Berry Papers* (John Lane, 20s. net), will find a charming answer to this question. Judging from the Miss Berrys' letters to their intimate friends and to each other, we should say that the first qualification for complete social "niceness" is of the nature of a defect. It is a species of mental and spiritual short-sight. No wide horizon must fascinate the eyes of the man or woman who would succeed by pleasantness. The horizon which straitened the scope of Miss Austen's pen was the horizon which limited the vision of the Miss Berrys' souls. The small bit of the world which is called the drawing-room offered a sufficient field for the genius of the one and represented the known world to the other. Miss Austen's heroines and Horace Walpole's *protégées* adorned very different circles, but both sought the meaning of life in its unending comedy, and found in the consolations of common-sense a sufficient refuge from its occasional tragedy.

Given, then, the requisite short-sight, what is the next thing necessary for the success of those who would be uni-

versally declared "nice"? Having recourse again to *The Berry Papers* for instruction, we should say that it is to make a business of the social game. All men and all women who pursue any business or profession successfully exercise in it an immense deal of self-control. Their opinions, their moods, their small ailments, even their big troubles, do not interfere with their work. They do not refuse to serve a customer or to advise a client because they happen to have a contempt for his character. They do not seek to controvert his convictions or in any circumstances to make him feel a fool. If they find themselves in the company of the authoritative, they accept them at their own valuation, and offer the deference that they expect. Among subordinates, on the other hand, they grudge, if they are wise, neither civility nor consideration. They give ear to their client's or patient's troubles; they do not recount their own. They do their work as long as they have strength to do it, and are found in harness when they feel far too ill or tired or sad or angry to seek any form of pleasure. This amount of self-suppression is common, is almost universal during working hours, among those who must make a living, and it is essential for such a social success as the Berrys attained to. Miss Mary Berry worked at her self-imposed job when any doctor would have ordered any working man to "go on his club." However, it did her no harm, no doubt because she so intensely enjoyed it. Like all the pre-eminently "nice," her interest in persons was insatiable. Nothing that she could hear about anyone was too small to interest her, but her mind was a benevolent medium, and sweetened the gossip which passed through it. Then, again, the smaller details of the social business, those details which it was, even in her day, the fashion to pretend to despise, in-

terested her hugely. When she was over fifty she found as much pleasure in buying and planning her wardrobe as though she had been still eighteen. She was far too "nice" to be vain at any age, and far too wise to pretend to youth when it was past; but she enjoyed these details, and they refreshed her mind for her more serious work. All "nice" people appear at home in whatever world they may happen to live, but the Miss Berrys did not, we think, forget that they came originally from elsewhere. Newcomers live in glass houses, and "nice" newcomers never throw stones. Inwardly the Miss Berrys must have been socially very critical, for they steered their course constantly in one direction; but outwardly they were not critical at all, and lived therefore in perfect safety under their glass roof, speaking ill of no one.

Another great aid to "niceness" is to have no very strong ties of affection. To be unmarried is, ordinarily speaking, a social disadvantage; but to women as "nice," as socially industrious, and as socially self-suppressive as the Berrys we believe it might be accounted an advantage. Their attention would have been distracted by children, who do, without doubt, hinder their mothers in the pursuit of either causes, pleasures, or professions. They cared very much for one another, but their small interests were more identical than is possible either between the sexes or between the generations.

But when all is said, negative qualities do not account for social "niceness." The "nice" man, and more especially the "nice" woman, must have the capacity for making other people appear at their best—that is, at their cleverest and at their most genial. This is just as true now, we suppose, as in the days of *salons*, though the disappearance of the *salon* has deprived social

aspirants of a convenient stage. The gift of making others pleasant is the *ne plus ultra* of pleasantness, and it is impossible to analyze. The reverse is a detestable quality, yet how often we see it in the well endowed. Just as there are some men and women whose true home is in company, so there are others who ought never to be allowed to see a stranger. They take a wicked pleasure in exposing the weaknesses of their acquaintance. They like to make a good man show his vanity, or a charming woman her folly. They draw to the light the silly or inferior facets of their interlocutors' characters. Sometimes they are significant and not at all bad people, but they are never popular. There is a momentary delight in

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giving reins to one's folly, one's vanity, one's caprice, but the recollection is bitter, and the result is resentment. Their victims resent their own bad qualities to the person who draws them out. Those who can do this are people of some power and often quite superficial malevolence. Against them we must set the type of which we have been talking—the people of often superficial benevolence, who take delight in the act of admiration. They win almost more gratitude than they deserve, and men unconsciously thank them for the abilities and charm which they know how to make evident. The truly "nice" evoke gratitude wherever they go, and that is why they have always been able to go anywhere.

HAMEL THE HERO.

How deeply the romance of airman-ship has impressed the imagination was made manifest by the wide interest taken in the tragic disappearance of Gustav Hamel. The days are still to come when hapless people will curse the malignant ferocity of belligerent aircraft as they have never cursed engine of war before. The apparent impossibilities of flight still inspire an interest warmed with wonder and admiration, and disaster after disaster has prevented our becoming indifferent to the courage which carries men into the air.

Ten years ago the life of romantic adventure, which had seemed almost to be crowded out of this planet, was renewed for us by those intrepid spirits who raced in awe-inspiring engines at express speed across Europe from one capital to another, dashing themselves to pieces against trees, bridges, and telegraph poles by the way.

Even in a looped loop there probably

lies no thrill to be compared with that first experience of ninety miles an hour along an unprotected highway, with little enough of faith in the craft that carried you and the disastrous wreckage of less fortunate competitors in distressing evidence by the way. But with the commercializing of the motor car all that joyous lunacy of the past has become, except for those who shared it, a dim memory merely, and the romantic pennon has been passed on to the new masters of the air. The "conquest" of an element, since there are so few of them, must be among the greatest events in the world's story. Man wrested life from the earth, he made fire to serve him, he taught the sea to bear him, before he learnt to record his victories, and his conquest of the air has had to wait till our power of celebration has grown to exceed our capacity for achievement. Men may wonder in the future at the fuss we have made about flying, just as we might wonder now, with Lucifer him-

self in our pockets, at the fuss that was doubtless made about the first lighted fire.

Yet for all that, and whatever may be the marvels of flight to follow, our point of view will remain the sounder. It is not only the first step that costs; it is the first step that enhances. It was the man who first felt the world's motion who paid in pain for his discovery and wears the deathless renown of it; and it is not the men who are still to perform miracles of movement through the air who will deserve to be remembered, but those who, ere any of the principles of flight were solved, and while the air was still an unknown country, permitted themselves to be lifted into it by engines which have already been consigned to the scrap-heap of suicidal extravagance.

We have watched the airmen much as of old the peasant watched the gay retinue of a crusade stream past his hovel on a quest passing his comprehension to lands of which he had no wit to dream. And the spirit which drew men into the air, despite the relentless destroyer which seemed there to await them, was not so very different from that which led mailed knights to Jerusalem. To both glory beckoned, and perhaps the hope of gain; but stronger than these was the romance that clings to the conquest of the unknown. The challenge of disputable possession was the same from both, and the fighting soul of man picked up the gage as eagerly in one century as in another. The same invincible determination was in Wilbur Wright as in Cœur de Lion, and the calm indif-

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ference to the hosts of heaven—storm and rain and blinding mist—which launched Gustav Hamel on his last adventure, was but a counterpart of that sublime simplicity which sent king and knight to their destruction against "the hosts of hell."

Though the far-sighted may view with grave misgiving this violation of a great neutrality to which flight must lead us, this prospective bondage of the free air, one can pay a homage of pure admiration to the men engaged in its subjugation, who have given with such a generous prodigality their lives to the cause, and no man has faced perils with more splendid hardihood, or worn the fame they have won him with more generous modesty, than he whose untimely end England mourns to-day. Even the sad uncertainty of his fate seems to veil with a romantic glamour the last hazard of his career. He had been granted from those heights, to which only the eagle soars, his "Pisgah sights" of the New Land of Promise, and, like that other leader who was permitted them, no man knows now his place of burial. He rode out into the mists, fearless as ever, and only he has pierced the mystery into which he rode.

And, deeply as we may deplore his loss and ours, we may surely be certain that he rests content, having learnt that "there be better things than gaining, richer prizes than attaining," for every true knight who hears and answers that challenge of his day:

"Uppe and sette yt lance in reste!
Uppe and follow on the queste!
Leave the issue to be guessed

At the endynge of the waye."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "The Pioneer Boys of the Missouri" (The Page Co.), boy-readers who have followed Harrison Adams's

stories of western life in "The Young Pioneer Series" are introduced to a new pair of boy-heroes, Dick and

Roger Armstrong,—sons of Bob and Sandy Armstrong, the central figures of the first series—who have the pluck and energy of their fathers, and meet with frontier adventures quite as thrilling. There are a half dozen spirited illustrations by Walter S. Rogers.

Edward Garnett's brief monograph on "Tolstoy, His Life and Writings" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is one of the most valuable of the series of "Modern Biographies" to which it belongs. Brief as it is, it is neither hasty nor superficial. It is the fruit of an intimate knowledge not only of Tolstoy's writings, but of his spiritual struggles, his fluctuations between faith and doubt, and his widely-diffused influence on Russian thought and life. As it is to Mrs. Garnett that we owe the best English translations of some of Tolstoy's most characteristic fiction, it is something more than a coincidence that her husband should have here given us so satisfactory an interpretation of his genius.

Edmund Lester Pearson's "The Secret Book" (The Macmillan Co.) is marked by the same gay and whimsical humor which gave a charm to his "The Voyage of the Hoppergrass"; but the earlier book was for boy readers and this is for their elders. The fun centres about books, book collectors, book readers, book lovers, and weaves together the fancies, experiences and observations of a librarian,—always with a light touch. In one chapter the unravelling of the Mystery of Edwin Drood is entrusted to an amateur Sherlock Holmes with results which properly abash an amateur Watson; in another an anxious aunt tries to divert her nephew from the reading of dime novels and burns up "Treasure Island" with that end in view; in a third are grouped some of the bewildering questions which are hurled at reference librarians by people who are in pursuit

of they know not what;—and so it goes on, light, clever and diverting, from the wild dream with which it opens to the humorous "Index" at the end.

It is a rare person, and one with unusual force of character who is not influenced to a certain degree by other people's opinions, but the result of such a tendency when it is made the ruling motive of life is sad to contemplate. Rupert Hughes, in "What Will People Say," shows how, with this criterion of conduct, a beautiful New York society woman ruined her own life and the lives of all who were closely connected with her. Persis Cabot was in love with a poor army officer, Harvey Forbes. She did not know he was poor until after she fell in love with him, for he did not consider it necessary to expand on that subject when he was introduced into her particular set after years of service in the Philippines. But Persis considered wealth and position more essential in her life than love, and agreed to marry Enslee, an unattractive multimillionaire, who helped her father out of financial difficulties. The result of her marriage was absolute disillusionment as to its power to bring her happiness, and she tried to have both her husband's wealth and position and Forbes' love until the force of public opinion brought matters to a crisis. We have here a complete and searching picture of a woman blind to life's real values, and witness the degenerating power she exercised over the two men who loved her. Tragedy of a gruesome kind is the result. Strange to relate, the only fine act of Persis's life was prompted, at the end, by the inevitable question—"what will people say?" Mr. Hughes has told his story well, with a fine feeling that never permits his sensational material to be treated in a sensational manner. Harper and Brothers.